HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVI.—No. 1330.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Copyright, 1882, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE "LILLEY." THE "SOPHIA EMMA."

THE HUDSON RIVER YACHT CLUB REGATTA.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 137, published June 13, contains a bright hunting sketch by EDWARD I. STEVENSON, *entitled "Captain Banner's Lynx," illustrated; "The Little Grandmother," a short story by* MISS MARY A. LATHBURY, *with an illustration by the author; "That Hornets' Nest," a boy's adventure, told by the hero, Charley Grayson; and Chapter XI. of "Mr. Stubbs's Brother."*

Among the articles of an instructive character attention may be called to "The Portuguese Man-of-War," by MISS SARAH COOPER, *illustrated, and to "Wrens and their Nests," by* ERSUNG EYLISS, *illustrated. Under the title of "The National Game," there is an excellent article on Base-Ball by* SHERWOOD RYSE.

One page of this number is given to a beautiful musical composition by MR. OSCAR WEIL, *entitled "The Angel's Watch," and illustrated by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

ONE of the leaders of the iron strike is reported to have said that what is really wanted is a permanent understanding by which the workmen's representatives can meet the mill-owners at the Board of Trade to discuss intelligently prices and rates. This shows the disposition by which alone industrial troubles can be settled satisfactorily. When the situation is one of a strike on one side and a shut-down upon the other, it is a situation of mere sullen endurance, during which feeling becomes mutually more exasperated, and adjustment more difficult. The remedy lies in some kind of individual understanding. Huge organized bodies, whether of employers or workmen, deal with each other as corporations, and the old saying that corporations have no souls arises from the fact that their action is always official and not personal. An agent can but obey directions. He has practically no discretion, and merely represents an aggregate will. The great strikes are against corporations, and are angry and unmanageable just in the degree that individual understanding is impracticable.

Every sensible man, however, must see that industrial troubles are most serious, and demand the most intelligent and the most dispassionate consideration. Content is the condition of the general well-being. Justice is essential to the prosperity of a community, as our own experience has proved. GEORGE MASON'S remark in the Constitutional Convention that national sins are punished by national calamities was verified within the century, and our civil war was but another of the historical refutations of the theory that morals have nothing to do with politics. The highest duty of good citizenship is to foster a feeling of general content, which can be done effectively in one way only, and that is by taking care that justice is done in a way which is universally evident. The strong and growing feeling which is called "anti-monopoly," despite the attempt of Tammany or of any other political body to turn it to the advantage of a clique of politicians or to individual profit, is a very significant sign of the times. It means that the power of enormous aggregation of capital has developed new mischiefs which must be carefully watched. The defense of the community against oppression lies in the law, the courts that expound it, and the press that influences public opinion. But if vast combinations of capital can bribe Legislatures, courts, and newspapers, their power becomes a supreme despotism. It is this tendency against which the "anti-monopoly" movement is the instinctive protest.

On the other hand, an organization of labor which excludes honest workmen from honest work, and destroys individual freedom of action, tends no less to become tyranny, and to result in peril to the common welfare. Whatever arrays the cardinal interests of society against each other is a danger which should not be blinked and contemned, but most carefully scanned and disposed of. In the light of modern intelligence, of the changed ideas and relations of human beings in society, and of all recorded experience, the industrial problems, the relations of capital and labor, the questions of land ownership, and all such fundamental social questions, are not to be settled by surly dogmatism and appeal to tradition. The United States are a nation of working people. The general classification of "labor" includes the most intelligent, discreet, and patriotic citizens. When trouble arises, it can not be wisely met by vague generalizations or denunciation. It can not be settled by an angry resolution upon either side to stand out for self-asserted rights. It can be determined only by a frank and fair desire upon both sides for a course which is mutually felt to be just. It is not a legitimate argument to say that combined labor always suffers from a strike in the end, because it does not follow that not to strike would secure fair play. A general strike, indeed, or a prolonged suspension of productive labor, would end in a general "crash," in which the poor man would suffer most. But that is not a reason for insisting upon extreme or unfair conditions. There must be mutual confidence, indeed, or nothing can be done. The relations of employer and employed can not be settled by one side alone. Some form of mutual understanding such as the Pittsburgh leader mentions is indispensable. Fair discussion, a desire of justice, and confidence in each other settle disputes between private persons, and this is the kind of adjustment which can alone determine peacefully and permanently every industrial dispute.

RELIEF OF THE SUPREME COURT.

THE relief of the Supreme Court of the United States is one of the most pressing and important practical questions before Congress, and it would be a public calamity should Congress adjourn without action. It appears from the report of the majority of the committee of the American Bar Association that for the first twenty years after the organization of the court the average number of cases pending was less than one hundred, nor was it until after 1843 that the average number exceeded one hundred and fifty. During the last twenty years, however, the average number of cases has increased to nearly twelve hundred, and although the number disposed of has also increased to nearly three hundred and sixty, it is impossible for the court to keep pace with the constant increase of arrears. The last completed term of the court opened with a docket of 1202 cases, of which 365 were disposed of during the year, leaving 837, or more than two-thirds of the docket, untouched. This is a practical denial of justice, and some adequate relief is absolutely indispensable. Three general plans have been proposed, with differences of detail in different bills. Of these schemes the majority of the select committee of the American Bar Association prefer and strongly advocate that which is known as the DAVIS plan, Senate bill 420.

This bill, unlike the others, does not increase the number of justices, nor divide the court into sections, nor establish a new appellate court. It maintains the Supreme Court as a national tribunal of last resort, and seeks relief by an increase of the judicial force in the several circuits, and provides in them an intermediate appellate court, relieving the Supreme Court by limiting the right of appeal from the intermediate tribunal. The most competent judges are satisfied that with such an arrangement the Supreme Court could readily keep up with its docket. The constitutional objection to the division of the court into independent sections is insurmountable, as the report of the majority shows conclusively. Division would not only violate both the plain intent and express direction of the Constitution, but it would impair the dignity and efficiency of the court, and destroy popular confidence in it. But this plan of division is practically discarded. The question is simply whether the grave evil shall rapidly increase, or be relieved by the passage of the DAVIS bill. No other bill has a chance of becoming law. During the debate in the Senate some Senators opposed the DAVIS bill because they wished to reduce the jurisdiction of all United States courts, but no serious support was given to the scheme of division. This was due possibly to the fact which has become known that the justices all favor the DAVIS bill, while throughout the West especially, as well as in other parts of the country, the bar is virtually unanimous for the DAVIS plan.

The necessity of prompt action by Congress is evident. This session should not end without a settlement of this question. The situation is becoming a national shame. Denial of justice is one of the most ancient arraignments of tyranny in a free commonwealth, and the charge should be impossible in the United States. There is no good reason for delay. The DAVIS bill was reported favorably by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, and after a debate of ten or twelve days, it was passed by a vote of nearly two-thirds. It now lies upon the Speaker's table in the House. If it should be thrown out or left over, it will certainly not be disposed of at the next short session. A new Congress will follow, with a Presidential election impending. In that session nothing but political legislation can be expected. The bill would be set aside as it was four years ago when Judge DAVIS introduced it. If the DAVIS bill is not passed at this session, there will be no redress for three or four years longer, and justice will be more and more denied to the American people by the highest court in the land. There is no reason whatever for the continuance of so great a wrong, and we trust that by petitions and the organized action of associations the opinion and desire of the country will be made known to Congress.

GARIBALDI.

GARIBALDI was one of "PLUTARCH'S men," one of the figures of romance which occasionally appear in history, and are remembered as the personification of heroic qualities. Of all conspicuous modern men of action his character had the simplicity that we call antique, and to his unselfish devotion to patriotic ideals everything else is forgiven. He was a contemporary of CAVOUR and MAZZINI. He saw the political regeneration of his country, and he was a part of it. He saw the French and the Austrian retire, and the temporal crown of the Pope fall. He saw the dream of Italy realized, the full fruition of the hopes of generations of patriots and martyrs; and through all he was the idol of Italy, which saw nothing in him but consecration, purity, and fidelity.

He made dashing and splendid charges in the field; and by sheer audacity, which failure would have made criminal folly, he snatched the victory which loves and crowns enthusiasm. It was his flame-like fervor of spirit that inspired the youth who followed him, and wrought the miracles of his military career. Yet he was not a great soldier. But when a thousand men would joyfully die for their cause, and the regular army knows it, the thousand charge with the fury of fifty thousand upon panic-stricken ranks. Many of GARIBALDI'S victories and the story of them are as fine and romantic as anything in heroic legend, and the electrical enthusiasm that his mere personality aroused was one of the forces that redeemed Italy. Beyond that there is no need to seek an explanation of the man and his work. It was the immense personal affection felt for him, and his brilliant feats in the field, with the knowledge of his truth and tenderness, that interpret his career. In the legislature, as in literature, he was a name only, not a power. But his very extravagances in the sphere that was not his only illustrate more plainly his singular simplicity.

Such a man and career show not only that poetry merely idealizes the truth of nature, and that the heroes of romance are only our neighbors under other conditions, but they renew faith in the power of generous hopes and of unselfish consecration to impersonal aims. Men like GARIBALDI are the perpetual preachers of the truth that

> "They are slaves who dare not be
> In the right with two or three."

We are so enamored of numbers, and it is so easy to believe that God sides with the strongest battalions, that there is no more valuable teacher than the man who proves that "one with God is a majority." Italy is all history and poetry; but in Italian annals from the beginning there are no figures more illustrious nor more worthy of undying remembrance than the two great Italians of this century, when Italy has been thought moribund, CAVOUR and GARIBALDI.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

A RECENT statement in the papers, which seemed to be very unimportant, is very suggestive. It was announced that a gift of twenty thousand books had been made to the Congressional Library, but that they could not be shelved for want of room. In other words, these books, and a large number of books already stored in the Library, are practically useless because they must be piled like lumber, and are inaccessible. Meanwhile enormous jobs are sanctioned by Congress. Immense sums are appropriated to build public buildings, and to render trout streams navigable, but a proper building for the national library can not be obtained, and books lie useless. The explanation given for this situation is that certain persons wish to sell their land for the site of the building, and, of course, at fabulous prices, and in the dead-lock of the grasping endeavor, the project of proper library accommodation is paralyzed.

Is it actually impossible to have any work whatever done promptly and honestly by Congress? Can not men like Senators MORRILL and BAYARD, or Representatives CRAPO and HEWITT, secure the passage of a law authorizing so imperatively necessary and unpartisan a work to be decently and properly done? Members of Congress personally are generally honorable and sensible men, who must make many concessions to party necessities, and conform to an absurd complication of rules. But they know the necessity of proper space and arrangement for a library, and very few of them can be interested in any jobbing settlement of the question. It is a disgrace to the country that the situation should continue, and a standing reproach that the national library should

be a vast heap of useless books dumped upon the floor of a room in the Capitol.

This abuse is akin to that of the vast expense of the Capitol of New York, to which we alluded the other day. An additional million or more of dollars has just been appropriated for this work, and what further millions will yet be consumed by it not the most skillful "arithmetic man" of the most resolute newspaper can compute. But it is such things that discredit popular government. This is the way in which the feet are always kept wet upon the safety raft. It is not, indeed, necessary to despair and to fall back upon a despotism because of such things. But why endure them when a little resolution would correct them? If it be true that under a popular government everything that is done, every contract that is made, every building that is erected, every expense, must be an enormous swindle, then, indeed, a popular system is a luxury so costly that every community may not be able to afford it. That is the very point which is suggested by our New York Courthouse and Capitol, and by the abominable neglect of the Library of Congress. If convenient and proper accommodation in the public offices, and economy of administration, and an adequate method of securing capacity and efficiency in the details of the public service, are impossible under a free popular system of government, the effete monarchies and hoary despotisms may well bite their thumbs at us, and we may very properly restrain the eloquence of Messrs. Jefferson Brick and Elijah Pogram.

BEREA COLLEGE.

AMONG the colleges which hold their Commencements at this season there are many larger and more amply appointed, but none more interesting or important, than Berea College, in Kentucky, whose Commencement occurs on the 21st of June. It is a truly catholic institution, and the 402 students during the last year were nearly equally divided between white and colored youth. It is the oldest college in the South open to the colored people, and it is the only good school which reaches the white people of the mountain region, who are at once intensely loyal, but exceedingly poor and ignorant.

The Rev. A. D. MAYO, who has made a very careful study by long personal investigation of the situation of the more retired parts of the Southern States, speaks of this mountain population as almost unknown. There is a hill region in eastern Kentucky as large as New Hampshire, peopled almost wholly by whites, and where slavery never flourished. They were "fiercely loyal" during the war, and some of the counties turned out more soldiers than the whole number of voters. They make also a large proportion of the 40,000 illiterate white voters of the State.

Here is missionary ground. The college at Berea is the natural and suitable centre of the work of education. The cost of tuition is but one dollar per month for each scholar. The college has an endowment of $100,000, and buildings valued at $80,000. But its necessary yearly expenses considerably exceed its income, and it greatly needs an additional endowment of $50,000. No gift could be more serviceable or patriotic than that to Berea. Whatever is done for education in all such poor parts of the country will return again a hundredfold. Mr. P. D. DODGE is the treasurer, Berea, Madison County, Kentucky.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL WARD.

THE original complaint against Judge WESTBROOK included the late Attorney-General HAMILTON WARD as implicated in the offenses charged. But the committee of investigation unanimously and completely acquitted Mr. WARD. Whatever part he took in the proceedings was taken in perfect good faith, and without ill intention. There was, indeed, no evidence against him, and the late Attorney-General certainly can not regret the investigation.

THE LAST OF THE REVOLUTIONARY CENTENNIALS.

THE Senate of New York has passed the modest appropriation for the Newburgh Centennial, and we hope that the Assembly will concur in the patriotic act. To cherish the memory of ennobling public deeds, to honor great men and great services upon the spots which they have consecrated, is to confer a permanent benefit upon the State. An appropriation for a worthy historical celebration or for a proper patriotic monument is as justifiable upon public grounds as a gift to a college, or a library, or a charity. It promotes the cultivation of those higher sentiments upon which the true greatness of states depends; for a people which has ceased to honor its illustrious sons and benefactors, or to care for the places which they have distinguished, is already moribund.

For such reasons the bill now pending in Congress relative to Revolutionary battle-fields should become a law. It proposes, substantially, to give national aid within specified limits to every properly authenticated local effort to commemorate Revolutionary battle-fields. In speaking recently of the aid of this kind given by Congress to the Saratoga monument in this State, we inadvertently omitted to mention the chief share of Mr. JOHN H. STARIN, then the Representative in Congress from the Saratoga district, in procuring the grant. It is upon the local Representative that Congress must largely depend for the necessary information, and if he be careless or indifferent, the movement will be very sure to fail. Mr. STARIN, therefore, is entitled to especial honorable association with the Saratoga appropriation.

In response to the request of Mr. JAMES G. GRAHAM, of Newburgh, the President has answered that he will do all that he properly can to assure its success. Mr. GRAHAM, Mr. J. T. HEADLEY, and other eminent citizens of Newburgh, are members of an energetic committee who have the celebration in charge, and as the occasion will be the last of the Revolutionary centennials, and as it appeals peculiarly to the pride of New York, there is little doubt that the response of the State will be such as worthily to close in New York the great series of commemorations which opened so auspiciously at Lexington and Concord in New England.

THE LATE DR. GRAY, AND THE DOCTORS AT ST. PAUL.

DR. JOHN F. GRAY, who died in New York a few days since, was one of the most thoroughly educated physicians and one of the oldest and most successful practitioners in the city. He was the pioneer of the homœopathic practice here, having adopted it upon careful study and observation. Like all pioneers, he endured various forms of persecution, but, long before his death, to question his great ability as a medical man was ridiculous. It was as amply attested as that of any physician who ever lived in New York. Gibes at his "school," and wrath at the "humbug of homœopathy," did not affect his position, and he lived to see himself surrounded in the country by some six thousand similar practitioners, and sustained by the preference of a large and most intelligent body of citizens.

On the day after the death of this distinguished physician, the American Medical Association met at St. Paul, Minnesota, and proceeded to hear protests against the admission of certain New York physicians of the highest character, upon the ground that they reserved to themselves the right of consulting with Dr. GRAY and his friends if they chose. By such consultation these gentlemen merely acknowledged the personal character and medical accomplishment which could not be denied. But they were held also by such consultation to "countenance" homœopathy, and that is not to be tolerated.

It is like a supplementary chapter of *Pickwick*, or a record of the proceedings of the Medical Association of Little Pedlington. If the condition of membership of the American Association be refusal upon the part of physicians to consult with other physicians, at their discretion, when they think that pain may be relieved or death averted, the biting sarcasm of the French epigram will be renewed:

"il n'était rien,
Pas même Académicien."

We trust that the New York gentlemen will maintain the liberty of the profession, although they have been excluded from the American Association.

THE PHILADELPHIA "PRESS."

WE note with pleasure the increasing prosperity of the Philadelphia *Press*. It appears that the receipts of the paper for the current year will be one hundred thousand dollars more than they were during the year of the Presidential election, and it has arranged a system of telegraphic correspondence in Pennsylvania and through the country. This success is not surprising to those who know the editor, Mr. CHARLES E. SMITH, formerly editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, one of the most thoroughly accomplished and experienced "newspaper men" in the country.

The *Press* is a Republican journal, and in the present political situation in Pennsylvania it is strongly opposed to the "boss" despotism. But it holds, with Mr. LEAR, the chairman of the late Harrisburg Convention, that the true solution of the difficulty is a new Convention, called under the rules of election which were adopted by both Conventions. The issue, however, is now so fairly joined that, even from a party point of view, no such compromise should be entertained. The vitally important point is the distinct overthrow of the CAMERON despotism. Whatever conceals or confuses this issue is most unfortunate, both for the party and for good politics.

The *Press* will remember that in New York the difficulty in the contest with "boss" despotism has always been the want of courage among its opponents. Notwithstanding the real force of the opposition to Mr. CONKLING at his last election as Senator, Mr. WADSWORTH was the only Republican who had the full courage of his convictions, and in the lamentable election of Mr. PLATT, Mr. FORSTER was the sole representative of a really strong opposition. It is the want of pluck which teaches bosses contempt for their opponents, and confirms their power. This is a truth which Pennsylvania Republicans apparently understand, and which it is to be hoped they will not forget.

CHANCELLOR PIERSON AND THE ALLEGED REPORT.

A GROSS offense was committed upon the adjournment of the Assembly of New York, which requires explanation. A paper was given out to newspaper correspondents which was alleged to be a report of the special committee in regard to the receivership of the North American Life-insurance Company, which would have been presented to the Assembly had there been time. It appears that the paper was not signed by the members of the committee, who, in fact, had not read it. The obvious intention was to injure the character of Mr. PIERSON, the receiver.

Mr. PIERSON declares the alleged report, which was widely published, to be both false and malicious. He holds that his conduct as receiver has been just and honest, that compromises have been made only when they were judicious, and always with the full approval of the Court that appointed him, and that from suits which he has brought against delinquents he has recovered more than a quarter of a million of dollars.

With natural indignation Mr. PIERSON has addressed a letter of remonstrance to the committee. It is certainly not surprising that a man who, like Mr. PIERSON, has served the public with honor, and who now occupies one of the most dignified positions in the State, should be quick to repel so grave an accusation as that preferred by the alleged report. But the committee, it seems, had not seen and did not sign the report. They therefore are relieved of the responsibility of the charge. Whenever, indeed, a committee of the Legislature should seriously accuse a citizen in high public position, as the alleged report accused Mr. PIERSON, it would not be a matter of newspaper gossip, but of public concern. The incident should be fully explained.

END OF THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

IN an admirable and elaborate dispatch to Mr. LOWELL, Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN has notified the British Government that the United States regard the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as void. The Secretary details the circumstances under which it was negotiated, and the conditions upon which it depended. Great Britain has never respected the provision by which she was to forego the exercise of sovereignty in Central America; and the canal which was the condition of the compact respecting joint protection has never been built. The treaty has been long voidable, and the United States now declare it to be void.

All parties and the entire press of the country, so far as we have seen, acknowledge the wisdom of this conclusion. Great Britain can not properly object, both because she can not deny her own violation of the treaty, nor insist that an agreement made upon a contemplated action thirty years ago shall be binding forever.

The dispatch is excellent in temper, and of unquestionable ability. It is a skillful and satisfactory rescue of the government from a very disagreeable position, and relieves us of an entangling alliance which had become exceedingly distasteful to the country.

PERSONAL.

AT the time Mr. EMERSON'S house was on fire, and when the contents were hastily and quite informally tossed out of doors and windows, a lady stood guarding a scorched, wet pile of books. Mr. EMERSON passed by, and surveying the devastation with philosophic calmness, said: "I see my library under a new aspect. Could you tell me where my good neighbors have flung my boots?" Another reminiscence, equally amusing, is that when EMERSON last visited England he went one Sunday to the church in Stratford-on-Avon, and seated himself by the monument to SHAKSPEARE. There was an unusually fine sermon, and at its close the congregation dispersed, but EMERSON still sat, silent and absorbed. A friend touched his arm and reminded him that the sermon was over. "The sermon?" exclaimed the philosopher, starting from his reverie; "I did not know there had been one."

—The wealth of Mrs. GARFIELD is thus summed up by a Cleveland man: She has $300,000 in government bonds, the result of the subscription. Her husband's life was insured for $50,000, which she promptly received. She also was paid the salary of the President for the unoccupied first year, about $50,000. These give a total of $400,000, bringing an income of $16,000. Add to this her pension of $5,000 a year, and she has a clear income of about $21,000. The real estate of her husband was worth about $30,000.

—In a private letter written by a retired New York merchant the late MOSES TAYLOR is spoken of as "the boldest, most successful, most sagacious merchant of our country—an old-fashioned, upright merchant of the first class, whose character was in striking contrast with that of the tricksters in such high feather at present. He showed from the first and for more than half a century the steady courage and far-reaching enterprise which enabled him to stock the great safe which at his death is understood to have contained one item of more than 25,000 railroad bonds of $1000 each ($25,000,000), not folded as you and I fold the few we have, but piled up flat, broad open, sheet upon sheet, in great stacks." It was stated in the daily papers soon after Mr. TAYLOR'S death that his estate was worth about $25,000,000. We understand that on the 1st of January last his own estimate of its value was nearly if not quite double that amount, and he did not "mark it up."

—Apropos of Mr. NAST'S cartoon on the death of GARIBALDI, it will interest our readers to know that the artist accompanied the great Italian liberator during the campaign which united the Two Sicilies to the crown of Italy.

—WILLIAM S. GORDON, the very oldest man in Ohio, died on the 4th inst. at the Old Men's Home in Morrow County. He was a native of Manchester, England, and had authentic documents proving him to be one hundred and nine years and nine months old.

—The London *World* tells us that the magnificent lace worn at the Duke of Albany's wedding by the Princess BEATRICE has a strange history. Her Royal Highness was, in girlish curiosity, a few years ago turning out an old cabinet in the Queen's apartments, and came on a parcel of extremely old laces. Among them was the suite in which she appeared on Thursday; on being repaired and cleaned, it proved to be almost priceless: connoisseurs say it is worth £30,000. It was lately presented to the Princess by her Majesty.

—The Duke of Edinburgh appeared as a violinist in London on the 20th ult., playing the violin obligato to GOUNOD'S "Ave Maria," sung by Madame MARIE ROZE, at a concert given at the Albert Hall in aid of the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases.

—WILLIAM S. SLATER, who died recently in Providence, gave $20,000 a few years ago for the better endowment of Brown University. He was a brother of JOHN L. SLATER, who lately gave $1,000,000 for the education of freedmen. The manufacturing village of Slatersville was named after him, and he was always promoting the welfare of his employés.

—The successor of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH in the House of Commons is a Mr. HOLDER, who began life as book-keeper in a worsted spinning mill. He afterward became a local preacher among the Wesleyans, but was not popular, being "strongly Puritanic, often bitter, always stern." He is now a rich and prosperous woollen manufacturer.

—Mrs. OSWALD OTTENDORFER has made a munificent gift to the German Hospital, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street, viz., a new wing designed for the accommodation of patients of the Woman's Hospital. The original estimate of the expenses had been considerably exceeded, but Frau OTTENDORFER, in addition to her original check of $60,000, generously undertook to pay the honorarium of the architect, and to provide the complete equipment for the building. Fifty additional patients would now find room in the hospital at one time, or 500 to 600 in the course of a year.

—Mr. HOLLOWAY, the great pill-maker of London, lately paid $52,000 for two pictures by Mr. EDWIN LONG. This should entitle the excellent HOLLOWAY to be considered one of the pill-ars of British art.

—An amusing instance of LONGFELLOW'S amiability occurred when he was a professor at Bowdoin College. He once called up a student who was unprepared to recite. A fellow-student endeavored to prompt him in a whisper, which, however, was so loud as to be heard through the room. The professor did not interrupt, but when the student stopped of his own accord, remarked, quietly, "Your recitation reminds me of a Spanish theatre, where the prompter is more important than the actor."

VIRGINIE AND MONSIEUR TOM.

"SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME," ETC.

PART I.—MON DÉSIR.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW-YEAR'S DAWN.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY in Palmiste Island is very nearly the longest in the whole year; it is also about the hottest, if one may say as much without giving offense to other days. It is on this account that the sun on this day, having so much work to do, gets up as early as six o'clock in the morning, an hour before his July time, after announcing his intention by sending up preliminary fire-works in red and crimson. When the cocks see these rockets in the east, they leave off crowing, and go to roost. If you ask naturalists why the cocks crow all night in Palmiste, they generally say that it is because the island lies south of the equator. Those who are not satisfied with this explanation are further told that it is by the laws of development and the natural growth of ideas that the gallic mind has been brought to prefer coolness for times of crowing. The reasons of things offered by science are, we know, beautifully satisfying, and always make us feel as if we could almost create a world for ourselves, if we only had a good big lump of clay, and a box of stored electricity, and a bucket of water, and a pint of compressed air. When the cocks have left off, the white man's dogs and the Malabar dogs and the pariah dogs immediately take up the tuneful tale, so that silence shall never be a reproach to the island. The journey performed by the chariot of his Majesty the Sun on that day, a most fatiguing one to his horses, involves a tremendous climb at the start and a breathless descent at the finish, and is, in fact, nothing less than a vertical semicircular arc in the heavens. The nature of the curve may be illustrated for unscientific persons by any young lady who will kindly raise her arms above her head and join the tips of her fingers. At stroke of noon on that day every man Jack and mother's son in the place becomes another Peter Schlemihl, inasmuch as he has no shadow. Strangers at such a time creep round houses and great buildings and precipices looking for the usual shade. They go to the north side, the south, the east, and the west, and find none. Then they think their wits must be gone for good, and sit them down to cry. The woolly-pated sons of Africa, for their part, rejoice in perpendicular rays; they have taken the roof off their straw hats the better to enjoy them; they sit in the open, courting their genial warmth; they acknowledge with a grateful sigh that, after all, there is a little heat sometimes to be got in a generally cold and cheerless world. It is not till after seven in the evening that the sun has finished the journey, and is ready to plunge red-hot into the cool waves. For five minutes or so after his header there is a tremendous seething and roaring of the maddened water; it is, of course, too far off to hear the noise, but any one can see the smoke of it, which is red and fiery, cooling down to sapphire, and then becoming gray, after which the stars come out, and it is night.

In this English land of mist and fog we never see the phenomenon of sunrise at all; for either it is hidden behind cloud, or it rises too early, or it is too cold for us to get up and look at it. There must be, indeed, many men—quite elderly men—among us who have never seen the sun rise at all. Now in Palmiste most of the people behold this most wonderful of natural phenomena every day. Perhaps the man on the signal mountain has the best view, because from his elevated position he can see the leaping of the sun from the sea, and the long furrows of light upon the startled ocean, and the sudden renewal of the unnumbered smiles, and the rolling of the mists about the valleys. But as the man on the signal mountain is too often a mere creature of duty, and must always subordinate sentiment to the watching for ships, it is probable that more joy is got out of the sunrise by the people below, who can give their whole attention to the exhibition provided by Nature.

Certainly there is plenty to be seen down below. There was a pair, for instance, standing in the veranda of the house belonging to the estate of Mon Désir, who seemed, on this New-Year's dawn, to find a great deal of enjoyment in the hour and the scene before them, though there was nothing that they had not seen before, times out of mind. But then they had one great advantage over the man on the signal mountain, that he is one, and they were two—Hic et Hæc: Ille cum Illâ—which makes a very great difference indeed. And they had other advantages; for when the sun first appeared to them over the brow of the hill, between themselves and the sea, he shone on this particular morning straight down an avenue of palms; he painted every leaf of every tree so that it glowed like red gold; as for the trunks, the tall green trunks, he painted them in a great variety of color, such as carmine and golden red, and a dark green inclined to go off into purple, and a most lovely, creamy, rich soft brown, which did the eyes good to see, all the more because it only lasted a few moments. The two who looked caught their breath and gasped, so beautiful was the scene. To make it the more complete—because a suggestion of life always improves a picture—there suddenly appeared at the end of the avenue an Indian woman; she was dressed rather better than most coolies' wives, and being a Madrassee, and not a common Bombay person, she wore a long skirt or petticoat down to her heels, with a red jacket, and bangles up to her elbows, and over head, shoulders, and all, a veil of coarse gauze. This is the kind of thing that the rising sun likes: it is good material for a sun to operate upon at his first joyous outset: so he seized upon that woman and turned her into a bride, standing rapt, motionless, waiting for the groom, clothed and veiled, mystic, wonderful, in white lace, and he caused colors inexpressible in words to play about the dress beneath the veil. Only for a moment. Then they raised their heads, this pair of early risers, and saw how, upon the peak of the highest mountain in the island, there lay another bridal veil, but of cloud, and how the sunshine struck it, and it flew back as if the bridegroom was come, and would gaze upon the face of his bride. And there were smaller things to note, for the lawn at their feet, not quite like an English lawn—because nothing in all the world is so good as a good English thing at its best—but a well-kept and tolerably smooth lawn, glittered as if it was strewn with a million diamonds, and was worth the whole of the Cape, with Potosi and Golconda thrown in; beside the lawn the glorious Flamboyant hung out its flaming blossoms to greet the sun, and the Bougainvilliers proudly showed its purple flowers, and the banana-trees and acacias with their perfumed flowers, and the elephant creepers, and wonderful things with leaves of crimson and gold, and long botanical names, which in England would have had pet and pretty names, welcomed the sun, and proclaimed that they had all grown each one twelve inches at least during the night, in order to honor the dawn of New-Year's Day.

The house was long and of one story, built with a deep veranda all round it, that on one side forming a kind of general sitting-room, open all day long to all airs that blow, affording almost a quadrangular draught; grass curtains, now pulled up, protected it from the afternoon sun and the white glare of the noon; it was laid with grass mats, and there were long cane chairs in it, and small tables with work and books upon them. Evidently a place used for the daily life. Three or four doors opened upon it; that on the left hand belonged to the private room, or study, or office, of Mr. Kemyss, Seigneur of Mon Désir; that on the right led into the boudoir, or school-room, or retreat, of Virginie, when she felt disposed to be alone; the door in the middle led into the salon, a large room, with a piano and a few (not many) engravings, and more cane chairs, with books and magazines: a place not in the least like an English drawing-room, yet filled with the atmosphere of home and refinement—the haunt and home of ladies. Such a house in Palmiste is constructed entirely, so to speak, with a view to the salon and the salle à manger. They are the two principal rooms, the only rooms. To the right and left of them, on the same floor, are the bedrooms; at the corners, and in unexpected places, built out as the family grows, are other smaller bedrooms belonging to the children or the girls. The veranda at the sides is provided with jalousies, so that it may serve for a dressing-room, bath-room, or nursery. The bedrooms are simply furnished each with a pretty little French bedstead in green and gold, protected by a mosquito curtain and an armoire. There is nothing else, because nobody in Palmiste is expected to use the bedroom for any other purpose than sleep. The salle à manger, papered with one of those French designs—a man on horseback, a girl with a guitar, anything—which repeat the same scene a thousand times, is meant for a feeding or banqueting room, and nothing else; therefore it contains nothing at all but a table, a sideboard, and chairs. At the back is the kitchen, and one can only say of a Palmiste kitchen that although many a good dinner is turned out from it, the stranger would do well not to pry into its mysteries, nor to ask of the Indian cook how he does it. Behind the kitchen is a long garden planted with all kinds of vegetables, European or tropical, according to the season of the year. At the end of the kitchen-garden there is a double row of banana-trees, their leaves blown into ragged ribbons and broken ends, each with its pendent cluster of green fruit and purple bud. And behind the bananas there are the cases—the cottages for the servants and their wives; and here there is quite a colony of little

brown babies sprawling about in the sun, with no more clothes than Adam before the Fall, and bright-eyed boys, miracles of intelligence, and already eager to learn the various and multiform tricks, lies, treacheries, and make-believes by which a crafty Oriental may make his way from small things unto great.

On the right of the great house stands a smaller one, called the Pavilion. The son of the house sleeps here, and all bachelor guests, of whom at the season of the *bonne année* there are always three times as many as there are beds to put them in, so that they toss up for the beds, and those who lose make out as they best can upon mattresses stretched upon the floor. Therefore, the New-Year is by this arrangement turned into a most beautiful and festive time for the mosquitoes.

The Pavilion has also its own veranda, but much smaller and narrower, and without any curtains or mats. Yet there are plenty of chairs in it—chairs with prolonged arms, in which the occupant may put up his feet; basket-work chairs, with a ledge which may be pulled out for the feet; low chairs, in which one's feet need no support; rocking-chairs; and a lovely grass hammock, in which, with a Coringhee cigar, and something with ice in it, and perhaps a book requiring no effort to understand it, and dealing with pleasant subjects, one may while away the hottest afternoon, swinging slowly. There is not much paint left about the old Pavilion, it is true; the floor of the veranda, which is of concrete, is cracked; the jalousies of the bedroom windows are out of repair; but the roof is still weather-proof, and the beds are comfortable, and there are these chairs to sit upon, and the veranda faces the east, so that in the afternoon, when man most inclines to rest and meditation, the sun may be avoided.

To the right of the Pavilion, again, was the sugar-house, a great place, with the mysteries of which we have nothing to do, except that the whir of the machinery and the wheels, and the loud, well-satisfied breathing of its untiring steam-engine, sounded pleasantly on mornings when the crop had commenced. On this day, however—New-Year's Day—the day of the *bonne année*, no man, not even a Malabar, on a sugar estate, can be expected to work. Outside the sugar-house lay piles of the white *bagasse*, the refuse of the canes which have been crushed, with their sweet and rather sickly smell; and here, too, was the great barn-like stable for the mules, with the doors always left wide open, because these sagacious animals know very well which is the best place for them, and are far too wise to go straying from a comfortable shelter where they are well fed and well looked after. Why, as they very well know, mules who have strayed have been known to get lost in the ravines, and to tumble over water-falls, and be eaten by big eels, or captured by Maroons, and made to lead a deuce of a life carrying out their villainies in the forest. Who would be the accomplice of brigands and poachers? Beyond the mule stable a road leads to the Indian camp, a village where the coolies of the estate live with their wives, their babies, their brass pots, their dogs, their goats and little kids, their cocks and hens and chickens, and their pigs. It is quite a large and populous village, in which the dreams of the Socialist are realized; for all the houses are exactly alike, and the people are all on the same social depression, and the way of living is the same for all, and there is a beautiful, monotonous level. There are such villages and communities in England; but they are rare. One such I remember in the Forest of Dean, which seems to resemble an Indian camp on a sugar estate; but even there they have a church and two or three chapels, and there are differences of rank and position. The camp is a noisy place, too; for the babies never cease crying, and the children quarrel continually, and the dogs forever bark, and the women accuse each other forever in shrill and ear-piercing voices. What do they accuse each other of? Matter of cakes, my masters, and ghee and gungee and cocoa-nut oil, and nose-rings and silver bangles. What farther, one knoweth not. Every day, after a whole morning spent in invective, retort, accusation, and defense, they sally forth and bring the case before the sahib, the seigneur and lord of the estate, who hears the evidence, and makes an award, and admonishes them to keep the peace. They accept the award as final, but yet they do not keep the peace.

And on all sides of the house there stretch the broad fields of the estate, planted with the sugar-cane; narrow paths cross them, and sometimes there is a rough-and-ready tramway. All day long the coolies work among them, cleaning and weeding, heedless of the hot sun, because they are anointed and beautifully shine with cocoa-nut oil, so that every man's back is a mirror for his friends. Beyond the cane fields, on all sides but one, is the forest—for there are yet miles of forest left—and beyond and among the wild woods stand the everlasting hills.

Now when the first glimmerings of the dawn were welcomed by the silence of the cocks and the barkings of the dogs, there began in the mule stable an uncertain agitation, as of expectancy, and, each in his stall, the mules began to open eyes, to kick out in dreams, to whinny, to fidget, to shake a tail, to paw the ground, and to look around. At exactly the moment, and no other, when the sun first touched the topmost leaves and the single spiral shoot of every palm-tree in the avenue, the oldest and most sagacious mule left his stall, and led the way out of the stable into the bagasse yard, followed by all his friends and lively companions. Then there ensued such a turning over on backs, kicking of legs, rolling about on the soft stuff, champing of the sugary canes, and letting out of heels at each other in pure gamesomeness, that you would have said the mules knew it was New-Year's Day, and had begun at very sunrise to enjoy the holiday. This was not so, however, for mules are a philosophical albeit a light-hearted race, and know that life is made up of twelve hours' labor and twelve hours' repose. Therefore they do what they can to get through the first half as easily as may be, and go in for unmitigated enjoyment of the second.

After the mules had spread themselves out on the bagasse, and the Indians' dogs were all barking in the camp, and the Indian women all scolding, there was no longer any pretense possible for lying in bed. So that the Chinaman who kept the only shop on the estate rolled off his counter, and opened his door, and let down his shutter, and allowed the escape of the night's accumulated fragrance. A village shop in this our native land presents a rich field for research in the science of smells, particularly on a warm summer morning, when it has been just opened. But what is it compared to a Chinaman's shop in Palmiste? Bacon and cheese form our own staple. One can not deny that these are good, separately or in combination, for the production of a rich and grateful perfume. But the Chinaman, in a much smaller space, has the fragrant and united product of snook, which was once live cod-fish, half-cured pork, rotten bananas, sardine boxes lying open for a week, a keg of arrack, cheese, gungee, his own opium-pipe, cocoanut oil, blacking, and cigars, all combining together to produce a stench of extraordinary strength. When the doors and windows were open it fell out, a solid though invisible lump of concrete smell, irregularly shaped, which rolled, slowly at first, but afterward more rapidly, down the hill. On the way it encountered a brood of tender yellow ducklings, who were going along—poor dears—thinking of nothing at all but worms and warm mud. These pretty innocents, when the rolling mass fell upon them, all tumbled over on their backs, opened their beaks, and quacked their last. Then the ball rolled over the side of the road down a steep slope, upon which it met and poisoned a promising family of young tandreks, and so over the edge of the ravine, getting broken into a thousand fragments, and doing no more harm to anybody.

Not far from the Chinaman's stood a little cottage, built of packing-cases and roofed with their tin lining, in which there lived an old, old negress, well advanced in the nineties. She was a witch by profession: she revealed the future, either by cards, or by inspection of the palm, or by interpretation of dreams, or by the reading of omens; she charmed away sprains, warts, bruises, and internal injuries by the simple application of her own hand; she cursed people's enemies for them, and made crafty gri-gri, which revengeful persons smarting under a sense of wrong bought and placed under the beds of those who had wrought them that injury, so that these wicked folk presently fell into waste and consumption and slow dying—a joy to behold. She cured all diseases by herbs which she gathered in the forest and under the rocks of the ravine; and it was whispered that if you wanted such a thing as a safe but elegant preparation of poison, which would kill without leaving a trace behind, this good old lady would make it up for you from plants which she would find in every hedge. She, too, awoke with the dogs and the mules, and perceived that here was another day whose joyful course awaited her running. She found her joints rather stiff at first uprising, a thing which surprised her, because she had not been brought up in her childhood to expect it, and she sat for an hour or two in the warmest and sunniest place, with her grizzled old wool exposed to the rays, and so gradually recovered the use of her limbs and got warm, and felt young again, and set to work upon the finishing of a most beautiful gri-gri, with a cat's skull in it and two dogs' paws and a shark's tooth—a gri-gri which was intended to cause internal pains

MORNING IN PALMISTE.

and burnings not to be allayed, and thirst insatiable, and sleepless rolling about at night, and mental distress, loss of appetite, delirium, convulsions, death, and a long black box. And all for five dollars. She is a most useful and admirable creature, and it is sad to think that when she goes—she is not gone yet—she will leave no successor. There used, in the old days, to be plenty of such old women, but emancipation was a cruel blow to them: the new contentment and ease of the negroes discouraged the profession; there is no longer any demand, to speak of, for gri-gri and vegetable poisons: the coolies know for themselves where to find stramonium, and what it will do in skillful hands; the old slaves are dead, and their sons are not revengeful on account of their fathers' wrongs, and when this old woman goes there will be no one left to carry on her forgotten craft. The reflection should make the old witch sad; but she does not reflect: she thinks she is still in comparative youth; she takes no heed of time, and she believes she will live forever.

The two standing on the veranda were a young man of two-and-twenty or so and a girl of seventeen. They were always up first, and they always met here and had their morning talk at sunrise, while the girl poured out the early tea and sent it round to the bedrooms. The Indian boy, who had made the tea and brought it from the kitchen, stood on the steps rubbing his sleepy eyes; and lying huddled up, also on the veranda steps, was old Suzette, the black nurse, in a wonderful blue cotton frock and red cotton turban and bare feet. Her grandsons, Napoleon de Turennes and Rohan Auvergne de Turennes, were at the Grand Collège; and her youngest son, their father, who had gone into the brokery line and been greatly successful, drove about, a splendid personage, in his own carriage. But Suzette remained a nurse; and she was too conscientious a nurse to allow her foster-daughter to get up before her or to remain talking with Monsieur Tom without her presence.

"Chokra," said the girl to the Indian boy, "this great cup for the burra Sahib, and this little one for the mem Sahib."

She spoke, only with these two or three Hindustani words, in the Creole patois, which has been adopted by the Indian and Chinese coolies, and by the Malays, Singhalese, Portuguese, Malagassy, Somaulis, and all the races who are represented in this island of a thousand tongues, as the common medium. But, like many who have been brought up on a sugar estate, she was a polyglot young lady: her father was English and her mother French. She spoke her father's language perfectly well, with a tendency to make a soft guttural out of the "r," which was not unpleasant; and she spoke with perfect fluency her mother's language; but she would have been as much lost as any Canadian among the half-uttered syllables and nods and winks which stand for French in fashionable Paris; for, in truth, the French of Palmiste may be pure, but it is a little old-fashioned. And she could talk Hindustani of a kind, not the Hindustani of the schools, to be sure, but the tongue of the people, free and unencumbered by grammar and syntax, and understanded of all alike, by the gentle Tamulman, or by him who talks the soft Canarese or the sonorous Pali. She could not talk Chinese, because nobody can, and even the Chinamen out of their native country laugh at their own language; nor any of the Madagascar dialects, because the Malagassy are a polite people, and do not expect it; nor Malay, because the Malay is quick to learn for himself any language that may be going about; nor any of those African tongues which may yet linger in the memories of the blacks, because there is nothing the East African negro more readily forgets than his own tongue, especially when there is such a beautiful language as Creole lying ready for his use, and because nobody ever learns any African language who can help it.

"The men," said the girl, "are late this morning. I suppose, too, they sat up last night, and drank too much brandy and soda. Did you sit up, Tom?"

She spoke as if too much brandy and soda was an accident which might happen to anybody; and, indeed, in this thirsty island there do happen a surprising number of these accidents every year, so that it is a pity steps are not taken to prevent them.

The young man replied that, for his own part, he went to bed when his father left them, which was at half past ten, but that some of them sat late, and there certainly were a great many soda bottles lying on the veranda, and that they were all fast asleep when he got up, which was before daylight.

He had in his hand a pine-apple, which he had just cut in the garden, and was eating it with a fork. This, if you please, is the true way to eat a pine, and the best time to eat it is in the morning, when it has been freshly cut.

"Will you have a mango, Virginie?" he asked. "They are ready to be gathered."

"Send some to the Pavilion," she replied.

"Ayapana tea," he said, "would be more to the purpose. Suzette may go round presently and find out if anybody wants it. If I meet old Pierre, I will ask him to take some *cocos tendres* to the Pavilion. Don't forget the letchis, Virginie."

Ayapana tea is a grateful drink made by pouring boiling water upon a certain herb so called. Its properties are many: it restores tone to the afflicted after a severe night; it cools coppers; it drives away headache; it restores the power of coherent speech; it revives the sluggish brain—in fact, it was planted in the first instance by the man who made the earliest vineyard, and he placed a root of it beside every vine. As for the *coco tendre*, Tom meant the unripe cocoa-nut, which is gathered for the purpose of providing a cool and refreshing morning draught. In cases which do not require the severity of ayapana tea, the *coco tendre* is efficacious, and it brings with it a coolness which mounts to the brain, and runs along the veins, and gives elasticity to the limbs. And as for mangoes, they are good for all conditions of men—the temperate, such as Tom, and the eternally thirsty, such as Sandy McAndrew. They are the sweetest gift of nature to the dweller in the tropics. They refresh and revive after a hot and sleepless night; they bring back hope, faith, and courage; they reconcile one to life even when the rainy season has begun, and the floods of heaven are descending, and a soft and steamy heat lies upon the earth, and a vapor rises like that of a universal washing-day, and the mildew grows and spreads visibly on the boots, and the covers drop off the books, and the very cigars go out of curl. These two were too young to know much about shattered nerves and revivers and pick-me-ups. But they had heard of such things. Therefore Virginie received the allusion to ayapana tea with sympathy, and understood what was proposed to be effected by means of the *coco tendre*.

She was seventeen, which is Creole for twenty. And because she was a Creole, she was of slight and graceful figure; for the same reason she carried herself well, and was *gracieuse*—one would like to add a few more of those delightful adjectives which French poets and novelists have at their command. She was dressed in a simple white frock, with a crimson ribbon round her neck.

Nature, who is always—the dear old lady!—thinking how she can spare something more to set off and adorn a pretty girl, had given her a wealth of lovely light curling hair, as soft as silk, which lay all about her face, and clung to her pretty cheeks like tendrils of a vine, as if it loved to be exactly in that place, and wanted no other; her eyes were blue and soft, with long lashes; her cheek was not ruddy, like an English maiden's, but touched with just the tenderest bloom of color; for although she had never left the tropical island, she lived among the mountains—Mon Désir was a thousand feet above the sea, so that the air was sharp. Besides, Virginie rambled and climbed up the slopes of the hills and down the steep sides of the precipitous ravine, and was as sure-footed as a chamois and as steady as an Alpine guide. This it was which lent her cheek its rose. Altogether a lovely and dainty maiden—a girl on whom eyes were already bent full of admiration and hope; but not yet spoiled, though she had been out ever since the last Queen's birthday ball. Her face and her gestures were full of vivacity, because her mother was a Frenchwoman; her eyes were full of truth and loyalty, because her father was an English gentleman. At every turn of her head, at every quick movement of her hand, one was reminded of her descent, because this was French and that was English, and this she caught from her mother and that she inherited from her father.

As for the young man called Tom, he was dressed as only colonials dare to dress. That is to say, he wore a flannel shirt without any collar and *all* rags, and a pair of flannel trousers, patched and darned in various places, yet almost as ragged as the shirt; round his waist was tied a belt made of long red silk; he had on a short coat or jacket of common blue cotton, something like that affected by the British butcher: it is strong, durable, and light, therefore it is greatly in fashion among the people of Palmiste, although it does wear white at the seams; for head-covering he wore an old helmet, well battered and bruised. This was his morning dress, the things in which he rode about the fields, looking after weeds and all the evils which assail the sugar-cane. He was his father's manager, and he took this journey every morning, starting at daybreak and returning about ten. He was a well set up youth, not so broad in the shoulder as many Englishmen, with brown hair cropped close, and a small beard and mustache; not a face betokening great intellect, nor had his shoulders the studious stoop; nor was he short-sighted; nor did he concern himself at all about literature or art, or the popular scientific chatter, or the current topics of the day. In fact, very few young men had read fewer books than Tom Kemyss. Yet he was not a fool; he studied machinery so as to understand the engines and works of his mill; he studied agricultural chemistry for practical purposes; he was handy in the carpenter's shop; he was good at all kinds of sports, was cunning of fence, a good shot, and as plucky a lad as ever stepped. And though he had never left his native island, and was seldom absent from his father's estate, he was not at all a rustical person, not a mere *hobereau*, nor a boor. Quite the contrary: his manners and carriage were as good as if he had been brought up in a London square and at Eton and Oxford. And he had been trained by his father in the old-fashioned ideas—which they say, those who know, are rapidly dying out—as to the courtesy, respect, honor, and service due to women.

When he had finished his pine-apple he strode away, and Virginie heard him whistling to his dogs, and then there was a mighty trampling of hoofs, because the daily struggle then began between Tom and his horse. The generous steed, being of high mind and proud of his descent, resolved every morning that this should be the last of obedience, and so attempted to bring about a revolution. When the attempt was quelled, he galloped away obedient again.

Virginie poured out another cup of tea more carefully than the rest, placed it on a tray, and carried it away with her own hands. It was her mother's tea, and the girl had done this small service ever since she could carry anything.

When she was gone, the chokra was left alone. At least he thought he was alone. Unluckily, he forgot Suzette, and acted as any solitary boy might be expected to act.

He looked about him for a moment. The sugar basin was filled with the delightful crystal sugar, as sweet as sugar-candy, and as sparkling as so many diamonds. It was made in the mill of Mon Désir, and is the best sugar in the world—a great deal better than the white lumps of which we are so proud. The boy knew this fact, and it made his fingers to curl, and his brown eyes to glow.

He had never learned the Church Catechism, this poor child; otherwise, no doubt—

Pring! Prang! Crick! Crack! Four, if you please: two on each ear, so that the report was heard a mile off, and every chokra on the estate jumped clean out of his jacket—because he had no shoes to jump out of—in terror and sympathy.

"Hein! Ha! Thou wilt steal, then, good-for-nothing? Take that—and that—little pig of Malabar!"

The boy fled to the kitchen, where he was received with the jeers of those who had not been recently detected.

And the old woman sat down on the steps again, in the sun, and laughed with her eyes, her lips, her teeth, her head, her hands, her portly person, and her feet. She brimmed over and she shook with laughter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY OWN BRIGHT ROSE.

THERE are gardens and gardens of roses,
All beautiful, bright, and sweet;
But, oh! not one do I covet
Of all that I chance to meet;
For the brightest rose
Is the one that grows
In my own little home for me;
And wherever I go,
Full well do I know
No rose is so dear as she.

My Rose has eyes that are browner
Than ever were eyes of gazelle,
And a heart that belongs to a woman
Whom we should trust long and well.
Not far do I roam
From the garden of home
Where my Rose is blooming for me;
For the charm of my life
Lies there—in the wife
Who is fair and sweet to see.

So bud and blossom, ye roses,
Wherever the gardens grow,
Not sweeter your fragrant blooming
Than the beautiful Rose I know.
Nor amongst you there
Is there *bud* so fair
As the bud, so dainty and wee,
Which my Rose, so sweet,
To make joy complete,
Has brought to my garden for me.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "HARD CASH," "PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE," "FOUL PLAY," "GRIFFITH GAUNT," "THE WOMAN-HATER," ETC.

THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER IV.

"AY, scream, ye fools," roared Bradbury, "that couldn't see a church by daylight." Then, shaking his fist at Cowen: "Thou villain! 'Tisn't one man you have murdered, 'tis two. But please God I'll save one of them yet, and hang you in his place. Way, there! not a moment to lose."

In another minute they were all in the yard, and a hackney-coach sent for.

Captain Cowen said to Bradbury, "This thing on my face is choking me."

"Oh, better than you have been choked—at Tyburn and all."

"Hang me. Don't pillory me. I've served my country"

Bradbury removed the wax mask. He said afterward he had no power to refuse the villain, he was so grand and gentle.

"Thank you, sir. Now what can I do for you? Save Daniel Cox?"

"Ay, do that and I'll forgive you."

"Give me a sheet of paper."

Bradbury, impressed by the man's tone of sincerity, took him into the bar, and getting all his men round him, placed paper and ink before him.

He addressed to General Barrington, in attendance on his Majesty, these:

"GENERAL,—See his Majesty betimes, tell him from me that Daniel Cox, condemned to die at noon, is innocent, and get him a reprieve. Oh, Barrington, come to your lost comrade. The bearer will tell you where I am. I can not.
"EDWARD COWEN."

"Send a man you can trust to Windsor with that," said he, "and take me to my most welcome death."

A trusty officer was dispatched to Windsor, and in about an hour Cowen was lodged in Newgate.

All that night Bradbury labored to save the man that was condemned to die. He knocked up the sheriff of Middlesex, and told him all.

"Don't come to me," said the sheriff; "go to the minister."

He rode to the minister's house. The minister was up. His wife gave a ball—windows blazing, shadows dancing—music—lights. Night turned into day. Bradbury knocked. The door flew open, and revealed a line of bedizened footmen, dotted at intervals up the stairs.

"I must see my Lord. Life or death. I'm an officer from Bow Street."

"You can't see my Lord. He is entertaining the Proosian Ambassador and his sweet."

"I must see him, or an innocent man will die to-morrow. Tell him so. Here's a guinea."

"Is there? Step aside here."

He waited in torments till the message went through the gamut of lackeys, and got, more or less mutilated, to the minister.

He detached a buffer, who proposed to Mr. Bradbury to call at the Do-little office in Westminster next morning.

"No," said Bradbury, "I don't leave the house till I see him. Innocent blood shall not be spilled for want of a word in time."

The buffer retired, and in came a duffer, who said the occasion was not convenient.

"Ay, but it is," said Bradbury, "and if my Lord is not here in five minutes, I'll go upstairs and tell my tale before them all, and see if they are all hair-dressers' dummies, without heart, or conscience, or sense."

In five minutes in came a gentleman, in great haste, and said, "You are a Bow Street officer?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Name?"

"Bradbury."

"You say the man condemned to die to-morrow is innocent?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"How do you know?"

"Just taken the real culprit."

"When is the other to suffer?"

"Twelve to-morrow."

"Seems short time. Humph! Will you be good enough to take a line to the sheriff? Formal message to-morrow."

The actual message ran:

"Delay execution of Cox till we hear from Windsor. Bearer will give reasons."

With this Bradbury hurried away, not to the sheriff, but the prison: and infected the jailer and the chaplain and all the turnkeys with pity for the condemned, and the spirit of delay.

Bradbury breakfasted, and washed his face, and off to the sheriff. Sheriff was gone out. Bradbury hunted him from pillar to post, and could find him nowhere. He was at last obliged to go and wait for him at Newgate.

He arrived at the stroke of twelve to superintend the execution. Bradbury put the minister's note into his hand.

"This is no use," said he. "I want an order from his Majesty, or the Privy Council at least."

"Not to delay," suggested the chaplain. "You have all the day for it."

"All the day! I can't be all the day hanging a single man. My time is precious, gentlemen." Then, his bark being worse than his bite, he said, "I shall come again at four o'clock, and then, if there is no news from Windsor, the law must take its course."

He never came again, though, for, even as he turned his back to retire, there was a faint cry from the farthest part of the crowd, a paper raised on a hussar's lance, and, as the mob fell back on every side, a royal aide-de-camp rode up, followed closely by the mounted runner, and delivered to the sheriff a reprieve under the sign-manual of his Majesty, George the First.

At 2 P.M. of the same day General Sir Robert Barrington reached Newgate, and saw Captain Cowen in private. That unhappy man fell on his knees and made a confession.

Barrington was horrified, and turned as cold as ice to him. He stood erect as a statue. "A soldier—to rob," said he. "Murder was bad enough—but to rob!"

Cowen, with his head and hands all hanging down, could only say, faintly: "I have been robbed and ruined, and it was for my boy. Ah me! what will become of him? I have lost my soul for him, and now he will be ruined and disgraced—by me, who would have died for him." The strong man shook with agony, and his head and hands almost touched the ground.

Sir Robert Barrington looked at him and pondered.

"No," said he, relenting a little, "that is the one thing I can do for you. I had made up my mind to take your son to Canada as my secretary, and I will take him. But he must change his name. I sail next Thursday."

The broken man stared wildly; then started up and blessed him; and from that moment the wild hope entered his breast that he might keep his son unstained by his crime, and even ignorant of it.

Barrington said that was impossible; but yielded to the father's prayers, and consented to act as if it was possible. He would send a messenger to Oxford, with money and instructions to bring the young man up and put him on board the ship at Gravesend.

This difficult scheme once conceived, there was not a moment to be lost. Barrington sent down a mounted messenger to Oxford, with money and instructions.

Cowen sent for Bradbury, and asked him when he was to appear at Bow Street.

"To-morrow, I suppose."

"Do me a favor. Get all your witnesses: make the case complete, and show me only once to the public before I am tried."

"Well, Captain," said Bradbury, "you were square with me about poor Cox. I don't see as it matters much to you: but I'll not say you nay." He saw the solicitor for the Crown, and asked a few days to collect all his evidence. The functionary named Friday.

This was conveyed next day to Cowen, and put him in a fever: it gave him a chance of keeping his son ignorant, but no certainty. Ships were eternally detained at Gravesend, waiting for a wind; there were no steam-tugs then to draw

them into blue water. Even going down the Channel letters boarded them, if the wind slacked. He walked his room to and fro, like a caged tiger, day and night.

Wednesday evening Barrington came with the news that his son was at the "Star" in Cornhill. "I have got him to bed," said he, "and, Lord forgive me, I have let him think he will see you before we go down to Gravesend to-morrow."

"Then let me see him," said the miserable father. "He shall know naught from me."

They applied to the jailer, and urged that he could be a prisoner all the time, surrounded by constables in disguise. No; the jailer would not risk his place and an indictment. Bradbury was sent for, and made light of the responsibility. "I brought him here," said he, "and I will take him to the 'Star,' I and my fellows. Indeed, he will give us no trouble this time. Why, that would blow the gaff, and make the young gentleman fly to the whole thing."

"It can only be done by authority," was the jailer's reply.

"Then by authority it shall be done," said Sir Robert. "Mr. Bradbury, have three men here with a coach at one o'clock, and a regiment, if you like, to watch the 'Star.'"

Punctually at one came Barrington with an authority. It was a request from the Queen. The jailer took it respectfully. It was an authority not worth a button; but he knew he could not lose his place, with this writing to brandish at need.

The father and son dined with the General at the "Star." Bradbury and one of his fellows waited as private servants: other officers, in plain clothes, watched back and front.

At three o'clock father and son parted, the son with many tears, the father with dry eyes, but a voice that trembled as he blessed him.

Young Cowen, now Morris, went down to Gravesend with his chief; the criminal back to Newgate, respectfully bowed from the door of the "Star" by landlord and waiters.

At first he was comparatively calm, but as the night advanced became restless, and by-and-by began to pace his cell again like a caged lion.

At twenty minutes past eleven a turnkey brought him a line; a horseman had galloped in with it from Gravesend.

"A fair wind—we weigh anchor at the full tide. It is a merchant vessel, and the Captain under my orders to keep off shore and take no messages. Farewell. Turn to the God you have forgotten. He alone can pardon you."

On receiving this note, Cowen betook him to his knees.

In this attitude the jailer found him when he went his round.

He waited till the Captain rose, and then let him know that an able lawyer was in waiting, instructed to defend him at Bow Street next morning. The truth is, the females of the "Swan" had clubbed money for this purpose.

Cowen declined to see him. "I thank you, sir," said he. "I will defend myself."

He said, however, he had a little favor to ask. "I have been," said he, "of late much agitated and fatigued, and a sore trial awaits me in the morning. A few hours of unbroken sleep would be a boon to me."

"The turnkeys must come in to see you are all right."

"It is their duty: but I will lie in sight of the door if they will be good enough not to wake me."

"There can be no objection to that, Captain, and I am glad to see you calmer."

"Thank you; never calmer in my life."

He got his pillow, set two chairs, and composed himself to sleep. He put the candle on the table, that the turnkeys might peep through the door and see him.

Once or twice they peeped in very softly, and saw him sleeping in the full light of the candle, to moderate which, apparently, he had thrown a white handkerchief over his face.

At nine in the morning they brought him his breakfast, as he must be at Bow Street between ten and eleven.

When they came so near him it struck them he lay too still.

They took off the handkerchief.

He had been dead some hours.

Yes, there, calm, grave, and noble, incapable, as it seemed, either of the passions that had destroyed him or the tender affection which redeemed yet inspired his crimes, lay the corpse of Edward Cowen.

Thus miserably perished a man in whom were many elements of greatness.

He left what little money he had to Bradbury, in a note imploring him to keep particulars out of the journals, for his son's sake, and such was the influence on Bradbury of the scene at the "Star," the man's dead face, and his dying words, that, though public detail was his interest, nothing transpired but that the gentleman who had been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder at the "Swan Inn" had committed suicide: to which was added by another hand: "Cox, however, has the King's pardon, and the affair still remains shrouded with mystery."

Cox was permitted to see the body of Cowen, and, whether the features had gone back to youth, or his own brain, long sobered in earnest, had enlightened his memory, recognized him as a man he had seen committed for horse-stealing at Ipswich, when he himself was the mayor's groom: but some girl lent the accused a file, and he cut his way out of the cage.

Cox's calamity was his greatest blessing. He went into Newgate scarcely knowing there was a God; he came out thoroughly enlightened in that respect by the teaching of the chaplain and the death of Cowen. He went in a drunkard; the noose that dangled over his head so long terrified him into life-long sobriety—for he laid all the blame on liquor—and he came out as bitter a foe to drink as drink had been to him.

His case excited sympathy: a considerable sum was subscribed to set him up in trade. He became a horse-dealer on a small scale: but he was really a most excellent judge of horses, and, being sober, enlarged his business; horsed a coach or two; attended fairs, and eventually made a fortune by dealing in cavalry horses under government contracts.

As his money increased, his nose diminished, and when he died, old and regretted, only a pink tinge revealed the habits of his earlier life.

Mrs. Martha Cust and Barbara Lamb were no longer sure; but they doubted to their dying day the innocence of the ugly fellow, and the guilt of the handsome, civil-spoken gentleman.

But they converted nobody to their opinion; for they gave their reasons.

[END OF "THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE MYSTERY."]

A SLOOP REGATTA.

We give on our front page a spirited drawing of the sloop race which took place on the 5th inst. in the lower bay. Few of our readers are aware of the amount of skill and judgment required to manage one of these tiny craft even in ordinary sailing trim; but when with their immense spread of racing canvas and nimble crew they cross the line for a race, they seem almost like animate beings striving for supremacy, so quick are they in their manœuvres.

At their annual regattas their contests are keenest. The crews, varying from eight to fourteen in number, are composed of the most athletic and skillful watermen and harbor pilots, who enter into these contests with the keenest ardor. Each is experienced in scores of races, and fully able, if need be, to command a boat, but the helmsman is usually some keen-eyed, clear-headed veteran, conversant with the tides, channel, and dodges known to the profession, and his word during the race is law.

Forty or fifty bags of sand, weighing fifty pounds each, are used as ballast, and piled on the windward side of the deck, the crew, excepting the helmsman and jib-tender, sitting on them to add to the weight, and sometimes even hanging partly over the boat's side when hard pressed. The boat's hull when sailing thus appears like a saucer tipped up on one edge. While tacking, the crew transfer themselves and bags to the opposite side with marvellous celerity.

Driven at such great speed, the boats are often forced bodily through the turbulent billows, the boat filled with water, and crew half drowned; but holding on with cat-like tenacity, they bale out, and resume the fight most defiantly. Under such hard driving, the seams of the hull open, the rigging strains, and after a hot race extensive repairs are required. At the finish the racing sails are removed, until required in another contest. When too hard pressed, sand bags are thrown overboard to lighten ship, and tradition has it that some of the more reckless of the crews have jumped overboard and swam ashore for a like purpose.

A regatta of these boats is always a pretty sight, and when a fleet of them dash by, accompanied by a huge excursion steamer, they remind one very much of a flock of chicks out for an airing attended by the staid motherly hen.

NERVOUS PEOPLE.

There is almost everywhere a very large number of persons, many of them well enough off, pecuniarily speaking, to whom the world is all a worry and life a long-continued fever. People of this class are not invalids in the strict meaning of the term, although they oftentimes suffer far more than the generality of invalids. Pleasures they never know; hard work is a weariness; and yet they are unable to enjoy their leisure when they obtain it. Their symptoms, mental and bodily, taken collectively, constitute a disease which, for want of a better, I designate by the name of nervous unrest.

A person so suffering does not consider himself ill, nor is he looked upon as a subject for condolence by those with whom he comes into daily contact. How could he be? He does not look a bit like the ghost of Banquo at the feast; when you meet him in the street, the smile rises readily enough to his lips, and merriment even may sparkle in his eye. If you search for anything lugubrious about him, you will search in vain. He is a ready talker, a ready listener, and in business a perfect ready reckoner. If you ask his opinion about any question of moment, you have not to wait long for your reply. He will be down at the bottom of the page, down at the Q. E. D., in less time than it would have taken most men to arrange their premise. His friends say of such a man, "Poor So-and-so! he never was very robust in health, but how wonderfully lively he is!" while his enemies—if he has any—put him down as bird-witted, and prophesy his sudden extinction some day like the snuff of a candle.

Very kind of both friends and foes, I must say, but, as a rule, both are in some degree mistaken. For in all likelihood hardly has he shaken hands with you, with a hurried *au revoir*, until he heaves a sigh; and if you could see your friend sometimes when he is all alone, you would not think there was much merriment about him—genuine, mind you, though his manner may have been when you met him in the street. In his moments of loneliness, were he to ask himself the question, "Am I happy?" the answer would be, "No; I never know what it means to be happy." Perhaps, though—and this is a proof of the truth of Pope's lines,

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
> Man never is, but always to be, blest"—

he promises himself happiness some day, even in this world, when he shall have done this, or accomplished that, or succeeded to that other, forgetting that true happiness lies only in contentment with one's present condition and legitimate lot in life.

But while his friends may be right enough in saying that our patient—for so I must call him—was never very robust, provided that he possesses blood free from any hereditary taint, and a heart not overdilated, there is good chance of his giving his foes the lie, and not going out like the snuff of a candle. People suffering from this fever of life, this nervous unrest, seldom look strong: they do not carry abundance of muscle, and therefore are unfit for any long-continued bodily strain; but, nevertheless, the strength of their muscle compared to its size seems often out of all proportion, and this enables them to do in one hour that which it would take a heavily built man three to perform. Do not marvel at this, pray, nor doubt the truth of what I am telling you. Nervous force is a wonderful thing. I have seen a boy of seventeen in a fit of excitement and passion whom it required the united strength of four men to hold down. Nor do men who suffer from the complaint we are considering bend very easily before the storms of life, blow they ever so wildly; little things annoy them more, and sorrow itself, which seems at first ready to crush them, is, after a time, cast aside by the very resiliency of their nervous systems. And so, too, they may for a time succumb, and that readily enough, to the little ailments of life, to trifling colds, or rheums, or aches, but these seldom lead to anything very serious; they pass speedily away, and the same causes which may produce deadly inflammations in the heavy-bodied and plethoric will, ten to one, be productive in the nervous of only some trifling inconvenience.

The reader will observe that I am talking about the sufferer from nervous unrest as what people call a somewhat spare man. And so he is; a person of the true nervous temperament is never obese. But, it may be observed, do we not frequently see fat people who are exceedingly nervous? No, I reply; the term is misapplied: such people suffer from timidity, not from true nervousness; and such timidity has its seat at the heart, which is generally flaccid or fatty, and always easily agitated. Your true nervous man is a brave man. He may march into a battle, up to the cannon's mouth even, with a feeling of dread, something telling him he will never return; but he goes there all the same, and once face to face with something to fight, be it fire or sword or stormy wave, fear is all, all forgotten in the excitement of conquering or being conquered. They are heroes *then*. Yes; undoubtedly the hour of reaction comes sooner or later, and they are low and miserable enough when it does; but, after all, to people of the nervous temperament must be granted the credit of being the salt of the earth, and I really do not see how this world could well wag along without them.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Hearing that rats are so numerous in some parts of Florida that it is feared they will wholly destroy the water-melon crop, a Northern paper asks, "Where are the cats?" The cats, any one in Florida would be able to answer, were eaten up before the melons were attacked.

The Marquise de Bois-Herbert is the first lady to employ as a weapon one of the small ornamental daggers that are used in lieu of hair-pins. While she was attending an entertainment in Paris, her husband, from whom she had been separated, came behind her chair and forcibly carried off her little boy, not, however, until she had snatched a tiny gilt dagger from her bonnet and stabbed him in the face. Her act seems to have had greater effect than she had reason to hope for, since on her arrival home she found the child sleeping in bed.

A tribute to the ubiquity of the Hibernians was the exclamation of an old lady upon hearing that Cavendish and Burke had been assassinated in Dublin by Irishmen: "Massy sakes! you don't tell me the Irish have got into Ireland?"

Washington is described as an Eden of beauty and repose in summer-time. There is a tree and something over to every two persons—men, women, and children—in the whole city, and a lamp-post to every half-dozen stranded office-seekers.

Some Utah miners located a town last winter on what appeared to be an eligible plateau. In the spring they discovered, to their dismay, that their embryo metropolis had settled down toward the bottom of a rocky gulch eighty feet deep, through which a river was running. City lots stood up edgewise, and could be bought for a song.

Experts in the matter of yellow fever say that this is to be a test year in the South—that the question will be well-nigh settled whether the disease may be developed by local conditions, or its germs must be brought from another place where it already exists. The winter was mild, and the spring warm and damp, and all the lower valleys were inundated. If these conditions do not develop yellow fever, the experts say, the theory of local origin will be greatly weakened, if not wholly destroyed. In order that the germs of the disease may not be brought from ports where yellow fever is found the year round, a strict quarantine against such places will be maintained.

A California juryman who voted to convict a prisoner of violating the Sunday liquor law was arrested at the instance of the convicted man, and was himself fined fifty dollars for a similar offense. It is to be hoped that the great institution of trial by jury will not be destroyed in California by frequent resort to such summary retaliation.

A man whose reason was dethroned by the perplexities incidental to telephonic communication is in an Iowa poor-house. He betrays his mental condition by calling out at brief intervals, "Hello! hello!"

A clergyman who had been preaching in the State-prison at Carson, Nevada, met a convict as he was going out of the yard, and expressed regret that he had not seen him among the listeners.

"We have had a very profitable time," the preacher went on, "with services and choir singing and everything precisely the same as in our church at home, the only difference being in the congregation."

"Yes," returned the convict, sadly, "this congregation has been caught."

From a description of the English yacht *Maggie*, this season's arrival in American waters in the way of a foreign fast-sailing craft, the inference is that she is intended as much for speed and as little for comfort as the other English racing machine, the *Madge*, which vanquished pleasure-craft in these waters last season. The *Maggie* is described as being forty-five feet long, less than seven feet wide, and eight feet deep. The interior is divided into three compartments, with meagre accommodations and plain finish. Her hull is coppered from the keel to above the water-line. Its visible portion is painted black, with a narrow ribbon of gold just below the rail; seen in connection with the comparatively broad-decked American craft, the contrast would be not unlike that between a bicycle and a lady's phaeton.

In the course of the proceedings in Washington against those accused of fraudulent acts in connection with the Star Route mail service, Colonel Bliss explained that the term "Star Route" arose from the custom in the Post-office Department of designating by three stars the words "celerity, certainty, and security," required in the contracts for such services.

A somewhat thin entering wedge in the woman's rights movement in Ohio is the election of the young woman editor of a village paper as an alternate delegate to the Republican State Convention.

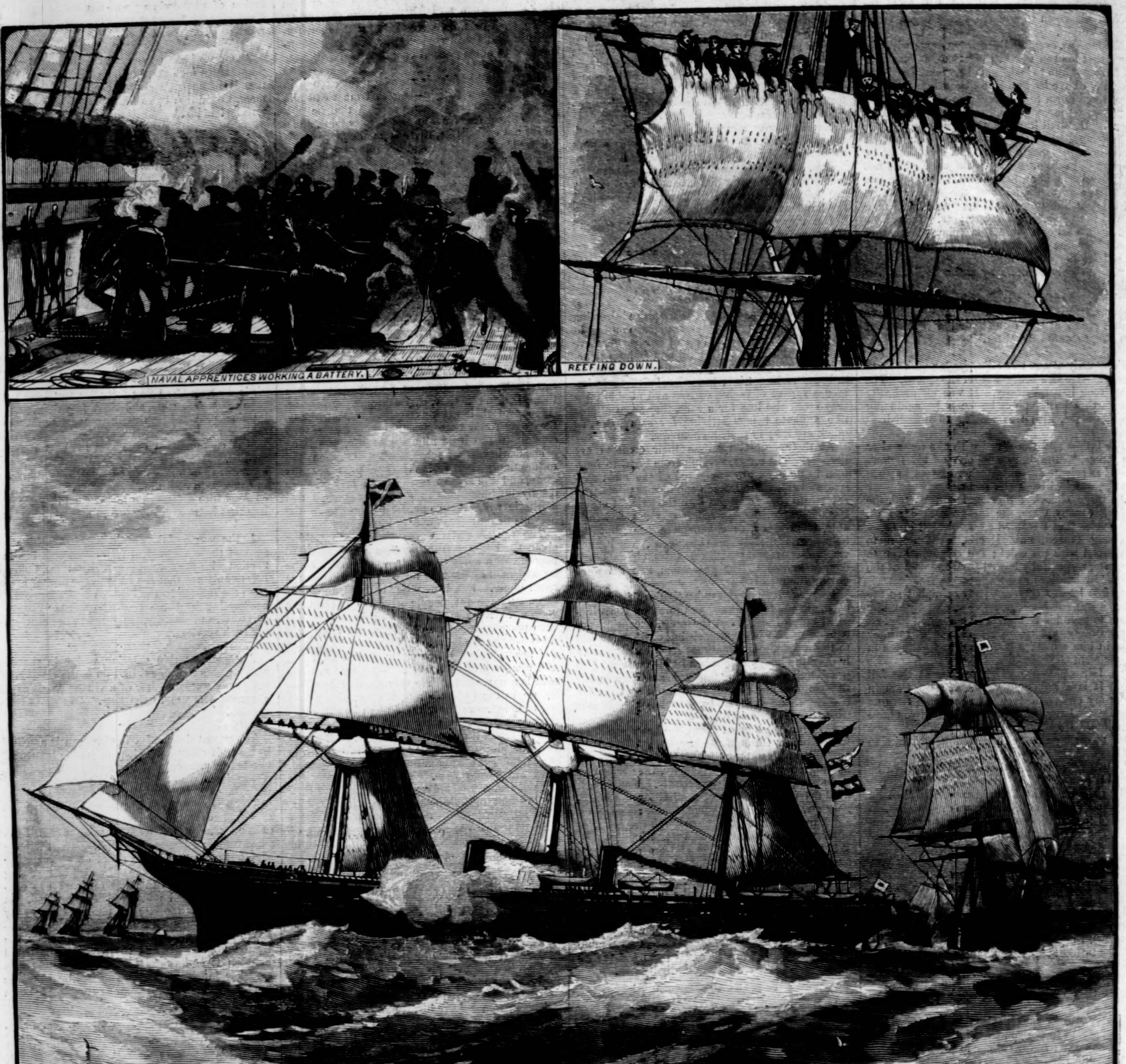
The recent death of a Boston man is ascribed by his widow to "a malicious mesmeric influence" exerted by persons who had sworn to injure him. A physician who attended the patient declared the symptoms to be the same as those of arsenical poisoning, while a doctor who made an autopsy affirms that he found no traces of material poison. The widow avers that she detected the same influence coming over her, and felt similar symptoms, but that by an effort of will superior to that of her enemies she succeeded in throwing them off. She says that her husband was conscious of the spell under which he labored, but not until it was too late for him, unaided, or by his wife's aid, to avert a fatal termination. Considerable attention is given to the case by the Boston newspapers, and the similarity is noted between it and the plot of one of Thackeray's sketches, in which a person impelled by mesmeric influence goes to a guillotine and chops off his own head.

When Queen Victoria drove down the middle of Rotten Row, while returning not long ago from a visit to the Princess Louise, she availed herself of a privilege which belongs to the sovereign exclusively, and which she has rarely exercised. The appearance of her carriage there recalled the name of which Rotten Row is a corruption—Route du Roi.

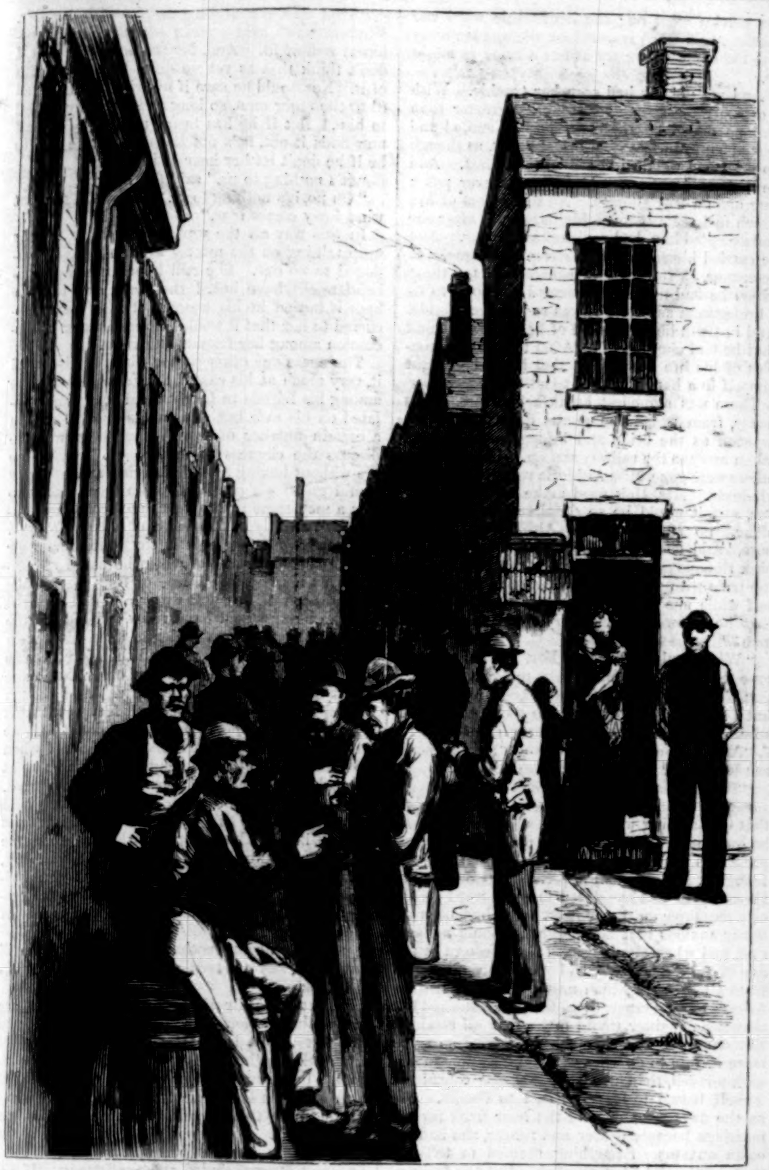
The almanac got the start of the thermometer early in the present season. The latter is likely to catch up, however.

Several years ago a drunken man leaped from the central arch of High Bridge into the water, one hundred and twenty-five feet below, and lived to resume the catching of fish from the wharf under the shadow of the masonry. Recently an intoxicated excursionist repeated the feat, and was afterward humiliated by being arrested and marched off to a police station some two miles away, where he was locked up for drunkenness.

According to the popular notion, a pub. doc. is a book of inconvenient size, bound in black cloth, containing nothing of interest, and to be had for the asking, or even more cheaply. A representative of a rural district in Congress recently got a request from a voter for a copy of a document on patents having to do with electricity. The Congressman thereupon inquired at the Patent-office whether he could get the book, and was told that a few extra copies had been printed, and he could have one of them at cost. He said he would take it, at the same time tendering a dollar bill. To his horror he was told that it would take just four hundred and fifty-three dollars and seventy-nine cents more to buy the pub. doc. even on the favorable terms offered. Notwithstanding the probability that he will need every vote that he can get at the next election, he decided not to begin distributing this particular public document among his constituents. The work comprises sixteen quarto volumes of about 2000 pages each, covers 3825 patents that had been issued prior to July 1, 1881, is illustrated with photo-lithographic plates, and was gotten out by direction of the Commissioner of Patents, to be sent to the International Electrical Congress. A few copies were kept for sale, but Congressmen are not flooding their districts with them.



THE OCEAN DRILL OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET.—From Sketches by an Officer.—[See Page 379.]



PUDDLERS' HEAD-QUARTERS.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION.

COLD IDLENESS.

THE GREAT STRIKE—SCENES ABOUT PITTSBURGH.—From Sketches by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 378.]

JESSIE IN THE LANE.

THE fields are clover-laden,
The bees are on the wing,
As Jessie, loveliest maiden,
Goes gayly sauntering
Adown the breezy lane.
The merry birds around her sing,
Nor warble they in vain,
For Jessie's heart is tuned to song,
As through the lane she moves along.

She loves the purple clover,
The drone of hurrying bees,
The songs that float above her,
The blossom-scented breeze
That ruffs her sunny hair;
For Jessie's maiden heart's at ease,
Untouched by love's sweet care,
And finds dear Mother Nature yield
A thousand joys in wood and field.

And now among the grasses,
Along the verdurous way,
Sweet Jessie slowly passes,
And all the green array
Scans keenly, if perchance
A mystic four-leaved clover spray
Reward her eager glance.
In vain! not e'en her magic eyes
Can lure to view the fateful prize!

But see! one comes to greet her,
In sober homespun clad.
Why grows the prospect sweeter?
And why, with smile so glad,
Lights up her glowing face?
For he is but a rustic lad,
And she—a queen in grace!
Ah, that's a secret who can tell?
But Jessie likes her laddie well.

Now side by side together
They saunter down the lane.
How lovely is the weather!
How fair the bloomy plain,
Swept by the summer air!
And Jessie, ere they turn again,
Knows why they seem so fair:
For, looking for a four-leaved clover,
Her maiden heart has found—a lover.

STRIKES AND ARBITRATION.

THAT the great strike begun in the Pennsylvania iron district on the 1st of June must necessarily entail much immediate loss on those engaged in it, and on those depending on them, is something which the most ardent trades-unionist would not venture to deny. That it will be necessarily, in the long-run, a losing game for the strikers, is something which the most irritated employer would hesitate to assert. It is a desperate remedy for what the strikers believe to be an actual evil; but that it is a remedy which sometimes alleviates the evil, and for a long period, is proved by experience. A strike is war—nothing more nor less—and like war, it is a hard thing for the conquered, and by no means an unmixed advantage to the conquerors. It is the final settlement, when all other settlements or attempted settlements fail, and it is a harsh, costly, irritating settlement at best, but it does settle. That there is no disputing.

It is estimated that from 100,000 to 150,000 men are on strike in different parts of the country at the present moment. Their wages, taking a low average for the smaller number, are not less than a half-million dollars a week, which they are losing, and, except so far as they may make up by higher wages, if they succeed, are losing forever. There are dependent on these now idle men more than half a million persons, whose comforts and even whose needs are denied for the time, and who may be rendered permanently distressed if the strikes fail. Involved in these losses are those which fall upon the tradesmen and the workmen who supply what the strikers ordinarily consume, and what they must now consume less of, or not at all. It is not a pleasant picture for those who would have the average of human well-being and contentment high in our favored land. It implies a good deal of suffering, disturbed social relations, temptations to drink and disorder, neglect in families, and the possibility of a much lower standard of home conduct hereafter. But with all that it incurs or may incur in this direction, a strike is by no means to be always condemned, because it has sometimes ultimate good consequences as well as evil, and because, when fairly conducted, it is the exercise of a perfectly established right on the part of workmen. It must be remembered that the effect of a strike, whether it fail or whether it succeed, is not confined to its immediate results. Whichever side wins gives to the other side, as well as to itself, a wholesome if rude knowledge of the strength of each respectively, and this is sometimes necessary to the adjustment of their mutual relations.

Yet if strikes, like wars, are sometimes unavoidable, and sometimes even beneficial, they are, like wars, a feature of a low stage of civilization, a consequence of lack of development of sense and justice; and it should be the aim of every honorable person interested on the one side or on the other in the employment of labor to bring about a condition of affairs in which these cruel and clumsy arbitraments need not be resorted to. This can not be done by preaching the time-honored platitude that the interests of labor and of capital are the same. That is true only in such a general sense that it loses in application the value that Cap'n Cuttle regarded as the highest attribute of any general observation. It is true in the sense that labor can not be employed without capital, and capital can produce nothing without labor, and therefore it is to the interest of both that employment shall be constant. But it is not true that the interest of the employer and employed are necessarily the same in any given case. On the contrary, they are usually largely opposed. It is to the interest of the employer to get labor at as low a price as it can be kept efficient; it is to the interest of the employed to get just as much for his labor as is possible without checking the expenditure of capital for the employment of labor. There come times in every trade when this antagonism comes out. When trade becomes dull from overproduction, or falling off of demand, or change in the demand, the employer sees the necessity of cutting down wages to save his profits, or possibly to prevent the actual impairment of capital; but the employed do not readily see the facts which prove this necessity, nor do they have the same standard of what constitutes the necessity when they know the facts. An attempt to reduce wages is therefore resisted.

On the other hand, if the cost of living advances, while the sale of a manufactured product either does not advance or falls off, the employé sees the necessity of an advance in wages to keep up the accustomed standard of living. The employer either does not see this, or does not think that he can concede an advance. In such cases, unless the two classes can come to some common perception of their mutual requirements, a contest of endurance must follow; and that contest, though at great expense all around, is generally settled according to the facts. If the demand for the manufactured product is strong enough to warrant it, the employer finally yields, and is sometimes enabled to yield by the short supply that follows the strike. If the demand is not strong enough to warrant resistance, the strikers yield. It is not that capital and labor have exactly the same interest from the start, but that they come to have, and to acknowledge the fact.

The same result, however, could unquestionably be reached without the enormous loss entailed by this method of settlement, and the employers and employed could be brought to an equally complete knowledge of the facts, and to conform to them voluntarily. This, to a certain extent, has been accomplished in England, and to a less extent in this country, by arbitration. The employers and employed agree upon submitting their differences to a board made up of representatives of both parties, and abide by their decision. It is an excellent method where it is practicable. It involves a pretty highly organized and extensive business, because only such a one yields results sufficiently uniform and intelligible to afford a satisfactory basis of adjustment. A still better, but also a more restricted method, is to admit the employé to a share in the profits, which greatly stimulates his intelligence with reference to what is best for himself and the business too. Both these methods exclude to a great degree the exercise of the quality Americans call "enterprise," because they reduce the variations and chances of which bold men, responsible only to themselves, take advantage. But they are plainly the goals to which modern organization of production and exchange are tending, and they are, equally plainly, the results toward which the sincerest lovers of justice and humanity must direct their efforts.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "ORLEY FARM," "THE WARDEN," "IS HE POPENJOY?" "MARION FAY," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT ALL HER FRIENDS SAID ABOUT IT.

AND "all went merry as a marriage bell." George Western and Cecilia Holt were married in the cathedral by the Dean, who was thus supposed to show his great anger at his brother-in-law's conduct. And this was more strongly evinced by the presence of all the Hippesleys—for all were there to grace the ceremony except Maude, who was still absent with her young squire, and who wrote a letter full of the warmest affection and congratulations, which Cecilia received on that very morning. Miss Altifiorla also came to the cathedral, with pink bows in her bonnet, determined to show that though she was left alone in her theory of life, she did not resent the desertion. And Mrs. Green was there, humble and sweet-tempered as ever, snubbing her husband a little, who assisted at the altar, and whispering a word into her friend's ears to assure her that she had done the proper thing.

It is hardly necessary to say that on the morning of her wedding it was in truth impossible for Cecilia to tell the story. It had now to be left untold, with what hope there might be for smoothing it over in some future stage of her married life. She had done the deed now, and had married the man with the untold secret in her heart. The sin surely could not be of a nature to weigh so deeply on her conscience! She endeavored to comfort herself with that idea again and again. How many girls are married who have been engaged to, or at least in love with, half a dozen suitors before the man has come who is at last to be their lord! But Cecilia told herself, as she endeavored thus to find comfort, that her nature was not such as theirs. This thing which she had done was a sin or not a sin according as it might be regarded by the person who did it. It was a sin to her, a heavy grievous sin, and one that weighed terribly on her conscience as she repeated the words after the Dean at the altar that morning. There was a moment in which she almost refused to repeat them—in which she almost brought herself to demand that she might retire for a time with him who was not yet her husband, and give him another chance. Her mind entertained an exaggerated feeling of it, a feeling which she felt to be exaggerated, but which she could not restrain. In the mean time the service went on; the irrevocable word was spoken; and when it was done she was led away into the cathedral vestry as sad a bride as might be.

And yet nobody had seen her trouble. With a capacity for struggling infinitely greater than that possessed by any man, she had smiled and looked happy beneath her bridal finery, as though no grief had weighed heavily at her heart. And he was as jocund a bridegroom as ever put a ring upon a lady's finger. All that gloom of his, which had seemed to be his nature till after she had accepted him, had vanished altogether. And he carried himself with no sheepish, shamefaced demeanor, as though half ashamed of the thing which he had done. He seemed as proud to be a bridegroom as ever girl was to become a bride. And in truth he was proud of her, and did think that he had chosen well. After the former troubles of his life he did feel that he had brought himself to a happy haven at last.

There was a modest breakfast at Mrs. Holt's house, from which the guests departed quickly as soon as the bride and bridegroom had been taken away to the railway station. But when the others were gone, Miss Altifiorla remained—out of kindness. Mrs. Holt need make no stranger of her, and it would be so desolate for her to be alone. So surmised Miss Altifiorla. "I suppose," said she, when she had fastened up the pink ribbons so that they might not be soiled by the trifle with which she prepared to regale herself while she asked the question—"I suppose that he knows all the story about that other man?"

"Why should he?" asked Mrs. Holt, in a sharp tone that was quite uncommon to her.

"Well, I do not know much about such things, but I presume it is common to tell a gentleman when anything of that kind has occurred."

"What business has he to know? And what can it matter? Perhaps he does know it."

"But Cecilia has not told him?"

"Why should she tell him? I don't think that it is a thing we need talk about. You may be quite sure that Cecilia has done what is proper." In saying this Mrs. Holt belied her own thoughts. Cecilia had never said a word to her about it, nor had she dared to say a word to her own daughter on the subject. She had been intently anxious that her daughter should be married, and when she had seen Mr. Western in the act of falling in love, had studiously abstained from all subjects which might bring about a reference to Sir Francis Geraldine. But she had felt that her daughter would make that all straight. Her daughter was so much more wise, so much more certain to do what was right, so much more high-minded, than was she, that she considered herself bound to leave all that to Cecilia. But as the days went on, and the hour fixed for the marriage became nearer and nearer, she had become anxious. Something seemed to tell her that a duty had been omitted. But the moment had never come in which she had been able to ask her daughter. And now she would not endure to be cross-examined on the subject by Miss Altifiorla.

But Miss Altifiorla was not at all afraid of Mrs. Holt, and was determined to push the question a little further. "He ought to know, you know. I am sure Cecilia will have thought that."

"If he ought to know, then he does know," said Mrs. Holt, with great certainty. "I am sure we may leave that to Cecilia herself. If he is satisfied with her, it does not matter much who else may be dissatisfied."

"Oh, if he is satisfied, that is enough," said Miss Altifiorla, as she took her leave. But she felt sure that the secret had not been told, and that it ought to have been told, and she felt proud to think that she had spotted the fault. Cecilia Holt would have done very well in the world had she confined herself—as she had solemnly promised—to those high but solitary feminine duties to which Miss Altifiorla had devoted herself. But she had chosen to make herself the slave of a man who, as Miss Altifiorla expressed it to herself, "would turn upon her and rend her." And she, Miss Altifiorla, had seen and did see it all. The time might come when the wounded dove would return to her care. Of course she hoped that the time would not come—but it might.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Mrs. Green to her husband as they walked home from the breakfast, "that girl has not yet said a word to that man about Sir Francis Geraldine."

"What makes you think that, my dear?"

"Think it! I know it. It was not likely that there should be much talk about Sir Francis either in the cathedral or at the breakfast, but one can tell from other things whether a subject has been avoided. These are plain when little things would have been said, but are not said. There has been no allusion made to their reason for leaving the house."

"I don't see that it signifies much, my dear."

"Oh, doesn't it? What would you have thought if, after I had become engaged to you, you had found that, a month or two before, I had been engaged to another man?"

"It is more than twelve months, my dear."

"No, it is not more than twelve months since first they met in Italy. I know what I am talking about, and you need not contradict me. You'll find that he'll learn it of a sudden, and then all the fat will be in the fire. I know what men are." It was thus that the gentle Mrs. Green expressed herself on the subject to her husband.

At the Deanery the matter was spoken of in a different tone, but still with similar feelings. "I don't think Cecilia has ever yet said a word to that poor man as to her engagement with Francis. I can not tell what has put it into my mind, but I think that it is so." It was thus that Mrs. Hippesley spoke to the Dean.

"Your brother behaved very badly—very badly," said the Dean.

"That has got nothing to do with it. Mr. Western won't care a straw whether Francis behaved well or ill. And, for the matter of that, I don't think that as yet we quite know the truth of it. Nor would he care if his wife had behaved ill to the other man, so long as she behaved well to him. But if he has heard nothing of it, and now finds it out, he's not the man I take him to be if he don't let her hear of it."

"It's nothing to us," said the Dean.

"Oh no, it's nothing to us. But you'll see that what I say comes true."

In this way all the world of Cecilia's friends were talking on the matter which she had mentioned to no one. She still hoped that her husband might have heard the story, and that he kept it buried in his bosom. But it never occurred to her that it would become matter of discussion among her friends at Exeter.

There was one other person who also discussed it, very much at his ease. Sir Francis Geraldine among his friends in London had been congratulated on his safe but miraculous escape. With a certain number of men he had been wont to discuss the chances of matrimony. Should he die without having an heir, his title and property would go to his cousin, Captain Geraldine, who was a man some fifteen years younger than himself, and already in possession of a large fortune. There were many people in the world whom Sir Francis hated, but none whom he hated so cordially as his cousin. Three or four years since he had been ill, nearly to dying, and had declared that he never would have recovered but for the necessity that he was under to keep his cousin out of the baronetage. It had therefore become imperative on him to marry in order that there might be an heir to the property. And though he had for a few weeks been perfectly contented with his Cecilia, there could be no doubt that he had experienced keenly the sense of relief when she had told him that the engagement must be at an end. Another marriage must be arranged, but there would be time for that; and he would take care that on this occasion he would not put himself into the hands of one who was exigeante and had a will of her own. "By Gad," he said, to his particular friend Dick Ross, "I would almost sooner that my cousin Walter had the property than put it and myself into the hands of such a virago."

"You'll only get another," said Dick, "that will not let on, but will turn out to be twice as bad in the washing."

"That I hardly think probable. There are many things which go to the choice of a wife, and the worst of it is that they are not compatible one with another. A woman should be handsome; but then she is proud. A woman should have a certain air of dignity; but when she has got it, she knows that herself, and shows it off in the wrong place. She should be young; but if she is too young, she is silly; wait a little, and she becomes strong-minded and headstrong. If she don't read anything, she becomes an ass and a bore; but if she does, she despises a man because he is not always doing the same thing. If she is a nobody, the world thinks nothing of her. If she comes of high birth, she thinks a deal too much of herself. It is difficult."

"I'd have nothing to do with any of them," said Dick Ross.

"And let that puppy come in! He wrote to me to congratulate me on my marriage just when he knew it was off."

"I'll tell you what I'd do," said Dick. "I'd marry some milkmaid, and keep her down on the property. I'd see that it was all done legally, and I'd take the kid away when he was three or four years old."

"Everybody would talk about it."

"Let 'em talk," said Dick, heroically. "They couldn't talk you out of your ease, or your pleasure, or your money. I never could find out the harm of people talking about you. They might say whatever they pleased of me for five hundred a year."

Then there came the news that Cecilia Holt was going to marry Mr. Western. The tidings reached Sir Francis while the lovers were still at Rome. Of Mr. Western, Sir Francis knew something. In the first place, his cousin Walter Geraldine had taken away the girl to whom Mr. Western had in the first instance been engaged. And then they were in some degree neighbors, each possessing a small property in Berkshire. Sir Francis had bought his, now some years since, for racing purposes. It was adjacent to Ascot, and had been let or used by himself during the racing week, as he had or had not been short of money. Mr. Western's small property had come to him from his uncle. But he had held it always in his own hands, and intended now to take his bride there as soon as their short honey-moon trip should be over. In this way Sir Francis had come to know something of Cecilia's husband, and did not especially love him. "That young lady of mine has picked up old Western on her travels." This Sir Francis said to his friend Ross up in London. The reader, however, must remember that "old Western" was in fact a younger man than Sir Francis himself.

"I suppose he's welcome to her?" said Ross.

"I'm not so sure of that. Of course he is welcome in one way. She'll make him miserable, and he'll do as much for her. You may let them alone for that."

"Why should you care about it?"

"Well, I don't know. A fellow has a sort of feeling about a girl when he has been spooning on her himself. He doesn't want to think that another fellow is to pick her up immediately."

"Dog in the manger, you mean."

"You may call it that if you like. You never cared for any young woman, I suppose?"

"Oh, haven't I? Lots of 'em. But if I couldn't get a girl myself, I never cared who had her. What's the good of being selfish?"

"What's the good of lying?" said Sir Francis,

propounding a great doctrine in sociology. "If I feel cut up, what's the use of saying I don't—unless I want to deceive the man I'm talking to? If I feel that I'd like a girl to be punished for her impertinence, what's the use of my pretending to myself that I don't want it? If I wish a person to be injured, what's the use of saying I wish them all the good in the world—unless there's something to be gained by my saying it? Now I don't care to tell you lies. I am quite willing that you should know all the truth about me. Therefore I tell you that I'm not best pleased that this minx should have already picked up another man."

"He has the devil of a temper," said Dick Ross, wishing to make the matter as pleasant as possible to his friend.

"So your Miss Holt is married," Ross said to his friend on the day after the ceremony.

"Yes; she is married, and her troubles have now to begin. I wonder whether she has told him the little episode of our loves?"

"You may be sure of that," said Dick.

"I am not at all so sure of it. She may have told him when they first became acquainted, but I can not imagine her telling him afterward. He is as proud as she, and is just the man not to like it."

"It doesn't much signify to you, at any rate," said the indifferent Dick.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Sir Francis. "I like the truth to be told. It may become my duty to take care that poor Mr. Western shall know all about it."

"What a beast that fellow is for mischief!" said Dick Ross, as he walked home from his club that evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROSES.

Roses! roses! roses!
Roses in the dawning pale,
Crimson through a misty veil,
Set with pearly dew;
Drowsing, nodding, half awake,
Waiting for the day to break,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, all through!

Roses! roses! roses!
Roses in the noon-tide glow,
Golden, crimson, white as snow;
Roses in the rain,
Laughing in their cool fresh bath,
Making every garden path
Sweet, sweet, sweet, again!

Roses! roses! roses!
Roses underneath the moon
In the balmy night of June,
Tender stars above!
Mocking-birds that all night long
Sing the roses one sweet song—
"O Rose! O Love!"

Roses! roses! roses!
Roses pink, and white, and gold;
Roses for the young and old;
Roses everywhere—
In the palace and the cot;
Yet the happy earth has not,
Not a rose to spare!

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Early "Outings."—Death out of Season.—Conventionalities of Reporting.—Public Readers and their "Gag."—Nihilistic Science.—The Queen's Drawing-Rooms.—A not too "patient Grisel."

It is curious, considering the universal practice of our middle-class English families to leave London in the summer and autumn—a habit, by-the-bye, quite unknown among the Parisian public of the same rank—that they insist upon doing it exactly at the same time. From June to September they throng the watering-places and all the picturesque or fashionable localities, the inhabitants of which look upon them as their prey for "the season," and treat them accordingly. Prices run up at once in the provision barometer from "reasonable" to "exorbitant," rents are raised from "cheap" to "fabulous," and the unfortunate holiday-takers of three months pay the expenses of the aborigines for the whole year. What Paterfamilias suffers is not to be described. It is not only that his purse is emptied, but his temper is tried by every domestic inconvenience; crowded rooms, which in wet weather are filled by olive-branches who bring him the reverse of peace; insufficient attendance; early dinners; and meat teas. Poor Materfamilias, who has come down, like the rest, for health and rest, has to work harder than ever in the commissariat department; it is necessary to scheme for fowls, to plot for fish, and to be generally beforehand with half the floating population to provide the necessaries of life. Now all this trouble and half the expense would be averted if people could only be persuaded to take their holiday a little earlier. A friend writes to me this week from one of the most beautiful of our sea-side resorts: "You will be surprised at the address at the head of this letter, since I told you last year I should never come to S—— again; but the fact is, the place is metamorphosed. It is as beautiful as ever, but without the crowds that of old interfered with one's appreciation of it. We have one of the best houses in the place, with four large sitting-rooms and innumerable bedrooms; the rent is exactly half what was asked for it when we were here last, and hankered after it in vain; as there is nobody to wait on but ourselves, the attendance is amply sufficient; the food is now plentiful; there is no need to pin one's card to a leg of mutton at the butcher's, or to a pair of fowls at the poulterer's, to insure their being reserved for us. Catering is easy, and prices no higher than in town. We have not to order a wagonette two days in advance to secure it for an excursion. The weather is charming, and we sit out-of-doors or in the balcony, exactly as we did in August. How *could* I have been such a fool as never to have thought of this early exodus before?"

It is only the very greatest geniuses, like Darwin and Emerson, who, so far as the notices of the English press are concerned, can afford to leave the world while Parliament is sitting. The press must take notice of *their* departure, no matter how great the calls upon its space; but for the lesser lights of science and literature it is necessary, if they wish their merits to be duly recorded, to decease during the Easter recess or the long vacation. It is necessary, also, to steer clear of all important incidents—state pageants and ceremonies; otherwise one is dismissed in a paragraph, or relegated to the oblivion of a supplement.

I suppose as long as penny-a-lining exists it will stick to its long-winded phrases, such as "devouring element" for fire, and the being "launched into eternity" for being hung; but it is strange to see how obviously inappropriate sentences, having once become watch-words of the great army of newspaper scribes, maintain their position. Of a man who murdered his wife and child, and then cut his own throat, the other day, I read, as usual in such cases, "Only faint hopes are entertained of his recovery." It always *is* said, although it must be as clear to the penny-a-liner as to anybody else that the best thing the poor creature can do, whether mad or sane, is, not to recover, but to die.

Considering the great "to do" there has been about the piracy of novels by our playwrights, it is very curious how the great army of public readers, whose stock in trade is somebody else's book, a pair of candles, a glass of water, and an unlimited supply of native impudence, are allowed to carry on their nefarious trade without molestation. At the request of a popular author, I accompanied him the other night to a performance of this kind at a town-hall, where several of his shorter pieces were advertised to be delivered. On the programme I did not recognize them, but the eye of the original proprietor had been more keen. "They are my pieces," he said, "but the gentleman has slightly altered the titles for reasons of his own, with which at present I am not acquainted." We arrived a little late, so that we could not be certain that my friend's name was not mentioned as regarded the first piece; but in respect to those which followed, they might have been written, so far as any intimation made to the contrary, by the reader himself, an impression which I have no doubt he intended to convey. At first my literary friend was very indignant at this cool "conveyance" of his property. "The beggar might surely have acknowledged where he took it from," was his very reasonable remonstrance. But as matters went on the omission became less a subject for regret. About one-third of the whole entertainment was "gag"—interpolation of the reader's own of a very vulgar sort. "You surely didn't write *that*," I whispered, as a farcical episode describing a goose being dragged up and down a chimney was in course of narration. The expression of my friend's face was a more than sufficient reply. If Mr. Spurgeon had been taken by force to the ballet at the Alhambra, he could hardly have looked more disgusted. We sat it all out, though at an alarming sacrifice of time and good temper. The pieces, which were of themselves very humorous, were utterly spoiled by the interpolations. Now it is bad enough to take an author's works and palm them off upon the public as one's own, but to mutilate them, or what is worse, to supply false features and limbs of one's own clumsy making, is adding insult to injury indeed. "I go to my lawyer," were the poor author's farewell words; and I hope he has gone there to some purpose. Only last week, I see, a verdict has been recovered in the Court of Queen's Bench by the proprietor of the song "She wore a wreath of roses," against some one who sang it without his leave, at an amateur performance, surely a very venial offense in comparison with such an outrage as I have described.

The Nihilists are certainly very ingenious. One of their body, with a turn for science, has been suggesting a method of lighting the Kremlin at Moscow by electricity: upon investigation, however, it has turned out that the object of this amateur savant was to blow the whole place to pieces during the celebration of the coronation festivities. Moreover, at this gentleman's residence were found a number of peasants' caps, the crowns of which were filled with explosive materials. They were to be thrown into the air by way of greeting to the Emperor, and on reaching the ground would become bombs!

The conduct of the head of the state in holding "Drawing-rooms" upon the days on which Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were buried has been much canvassed and not a little condemned. I do not often put my pen in rest as a champion of the court, but in this matter I think her Majesty has been unjustly blamed. The coincidence of dates was unfortunate, but surely the day on which a man's body is buried is not one to be held in peculiar reverence. I can understand there being objections to the Drawing-rooms being held *at all* so soon after such a political and social catastrophe; but that Tuesday and Thursday should have been more unfit than Wednesday and Friday for the ceremonial I can not see. A mere conventional respect which has nothing to do with real feeling has to my mind always something of mockery in it; and indeed I notice that folks who are very solicitous about funerals, mourning, black-edged note-paper, and other (literally) obsequious matters, are generally not the most active in tending the dying man or looking after those he has left behind him.

A French engine-driver of the name of Grisel has saved the lives of one hundred and fifty persons by refusing, at the risk of dismissal, to take his train over a railway bridge, which in a few minutes afterward fell to pieces. This is the exact contrary to ordinary deeds of heroism, which are generally sacrifices to the call of duty. This gentleman ventured to think for himself. I admire him a great deal more than his namesake, "Patient Grisel," who obtained her reputation from the rotten principle of passive obedience.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE FLEET OCEAN DRILL.

The ocean drill of the Atlantic fleet, of which we give illustrations on page 376, was a very marked success. It lasted twenty days, and was intended to test the experience and skill of both officers and men, and to show what the fleet is capable of doing under our present system of naval education and our somewhat limited naval facilities. The ocean drill is a new idea on the part of the Navy Department, and is of the utmost importance to this branch of the national service. There can be no doubt that its influence will be beneficial.

The vessels that participated in the ocean drill were the *Tennessee*, flag-ship, the largest man-of-war flying the American flag, and one of the largest steam vessels of the world; she has a displacement of 5000 tons, carries a battery of twenty-two guns, steams fourteen knots an hour, and has a crew of 500 souls; the *Vandalia*, a wooden corvette of 2200 tons displacement, a battery of nine guns, and 244 officers and men; the *Kearsarge*, carrying a battery of seven guns and a crew of 207; the *Enterprise* and the *Alliance*, new and sister ships, each having a displacement of 1375 tons, a battery of six guns, and a crew of 165 souls; the *Yantic*, the smallest vessel of the fleet, has a displacement of 900 tons, a battery of four guns, and 145 officers and men. These six vessels represent the entire sea-going force of the United States for the protection of our vast Atlantic sea-board.

SCOTCH FUNERALS.

When an invitation is being given verbally to a funeral in Scotland, the person invited usually asks, "When do you lift?" meaning, "At what hour does the funeral take place?" The manner of conveying the coffin from the house to the place of interment, still followed in Eaglesham, a village in the south of Renfrewshire, abundantly explains this phrase. As can be well enough understood, hearses and coaches are institutions belonging to towns and cities, not to villages. In the latter the coffin is borne to the grave on three poles, which are passed under it, long enough to leave a sufficient portion for two men to grasp on either side. Of course it is impossible to place these "spokes" in position in the house, so a couple of stools are brought out to the street, the coffin is placed upon them, and when the cortége is ready to go, the spokes are passed under, the coffin is "lifted," and the procession moves off.

I feel persuaded that it is one of the "things not generally known" that "waking" the dead has been practiced in one of the northern counties of Scotland from time immemorial, and is still in vogue there. When a death occurs in Glen Urquhart, the survivors in the household are never suffered to be alone with their dead till the day of the funeral. The body is not coffined till the day of interment, for the simple reason that the coffin has to be made by the village joiner after death takes place. A house with a corpse in it becomes for the two or three days and nights that intervene between death and burial the rendezvous of all the neighbors, who sit and tell stories—ghost stories having a decided preference—ostensibly to keep the bereaved family from feeling *eerie*, but really for purposes of entertainment. Such gatherings differ from Irish "wakes" in this particular—that tobacco and pipes are not provided by the relatives of the deceased, each attender bringing his own supply of these luxuries; but whiskey is supplied by the family in whose house the wake is held, and pretty freely dispensed. Such gatherings are favorite resorts of blushing lasses and strapping lads who are courting, and are often the scene of more laughter than tears. The funerals in this locality present an imposing spectacle, often as many as a hundred men, decently clad in black broadcloth, winding in slow procession through the valley, in the rear of the bearers who carry the coffin.

But here again we have an illustration of local variations of custom; for though it is the habit to invite all the male inhabitants of the district, the next-door neighbor of the deceased would not go to the funeral without receiving a direct invitation; while over the hills, in the adjoining glen, no invitations are issued, but everybody is expected to attend. Of course where drink is supplied at the wake it is not withheld at the burial, and besides the round served out at the house there is another often at the church-yard. Enough drink and bread and cheese to supply a hundred men is no light weight, and where the cortége has to go a few miles to the place of interment, it is usual to send a small pony-cart, bearing the refreshments, after the party. A jar of whiskey invariably forms part of the contents of the cart, whatever may be the more solid portion of the refreshment provided. The people are Free-Church to a man, but they are not teetotal; and it is nothing out of the common, after the grave has been filled up, to see an old Free-Church elder standing, possibly on a flat tombstone, engaged in asking a blessing on the refreshment about to be partaken, with a bottle of whiskey in the one hand and a glass in the other.

A gentleman resident in Glasgow, a native of the district, informed me that on a recent visit to Glen Urquhart he took part in a funeral which was very largely attended, but of all the company assembled round the grave he was the only one who refused to drink the whiskey. One man, however, has become an abstainer, and a member of his family having died, he had no liquor at the funeral, but provided an abundant supply of milk instead. This strict adherence to his temperance principles gave great offense, his neighbors universally ascribing his conduct solely to meanness. For his plea of principle they had nothing but scorn. "Principle had nothing, and could have nothing, to do with it," they asserted. "The minister had no scruple in taking off his dram, and was *he* going to set himself up as better than the minister?" So wide-spread was the discontent that it is doubtful if as numerous a party will gather the next time an interment takes place from his house.

Indeed, at a funeral which took place in the north of Argyllshire some time ago, a feeling akin to this was openly expressed. The deceased, if not a member of the minister's family, was at least one of his household, and an extra large company had assembled, the parishioners coming from the remotest corners of the parish out of respect for their clergyman. The hour of interment arrived, the short religious exercises were gone through, and the coffin was lifted by the bearers; but still there was no sign of anything in the shape of refreshment, and in anything but an agreeable frame of mind the numerous party ranged themselves in procession, and proceeded toward the burial-ground. On the way confidential communications passed between the mourners, which took the form of such ejaculations as "Horrid mean!" "Wish I had never come a step!" and others of a like nature. But in the churchyard disappointment gave place to expectation, in consequence of an invitation to all present to return to the manse for refreshment. In the manse there is little cause to doubt that satisfaction followed upon expectation. What the nature of the refreshment might be was not stated; but a good guess may be hazarded from the fact that few of the mourners reached home that night. A sharp shower of snow fell in the afternoon and evening; and at night the white country roads presented curious spectacles of uncouth figures, clad in black, bobbing up and down, sometimes struggling along for a short distance in zigzag fashion, but in most cases resolving themselves at last into a snoring black heap in the ditch.

THE TEMPLES OF YEDO.

The glory of the city of Yedo is its temples. Notwithstanding the general substitution of the Shinto religion for the old gorgeous Buddhist ritual, the great fanes still remain, and an additional charm is lent to the contemplation of them by the fact that they are, for the most part, decaying and deserted, forgotten and overlooked by the people in the midst of whom they raise their gigantic roofs. When the noise and the dust and the smell of the great thoroughfares render locomotion unpleasant, it is delightful to turn aside for an hour or two into the inclosures of the mighty temples of Shiba. Every visitor to Japan goes to see Shiba; yet their charm to the oldest resident, to the man who knows every inch of their grass-grown courts and every dark recess and corner under their vast roofs, is never-fading. The explorer is struck mute by the colossal scale upon which the old Japanese temple-builders did their work. Just as the *chefs-d'œuvre* of our grand old cathedral architects dwarf and throw into the shade the work of modern ecclesiastical builders, so do the temples of Shiba at Yedo stand out alone, majestic and unapproached, above everything else around them. There are flimsy houses upon the European model running their roofs close up to the once sacred inclosures, there are huge tea-houses and squat "go-downs," or warehouses, cheek by jowl with them; but in their tree-guarded precincts the temples seem to eye the approach of common, every-day Yedo much as a lion might watch the approach of a mouse. In the great gateway of the Zojoji temple—the ancient burial-place of the Shoguns—the tallest man is but a pigmy; of the holy-water basin just within a very fair-sized swimming bath could be made; the very lanterns suspended to the cross-beams of the temple are like balloons; and when the sun shines upon the great slanting roof it gives it the appearance of a vast sheet of gold.

The interior of the temple is suitably dark and mysterious; but when the eye gets accustomed to the gloom, after the blaze of sunshine without, it rests first on the colossal statue of the god, protected from impious or curious hands by a lattice-work of iron, and then wanders amidst the maze of curious carving, coloring, and gilding which adorns the remotest corners of the edifice; for the old temple-builders were as minute and as earnest as they were gigantic, and did not consider that because a spot was scarcely to be seen, it should be left bare and unornamented. All round the interior are huge *ex votos* in the shape of painted strips of wood and wisps of hair. But even more interesting than the temple itself are the quaint nooks and corners surrounding it. Besides the tombs of the old rulers of Japan, are huge stone lanterns, quaintly carved monsters, and almond-eyed deities dotted about, all weather-stained, moss-grown, and neglected; and behind all is a background of noble trees, which seem ever to be wailing the fallen estate of the monuments before them. The only visitors to the dozen or more temples of Shiba are foreigners and country folk: the Yedo citizen prefers the simple mirror of Shintoism to the pomp and display of the old faith. The moss grows between the stones of the court-yards, the roofs gape in many places, the coloring and gilding are falling away piecemeal, and innumerable families of pigeons, attracted by the solitude and quiet of the place, have made their homes amidst the quaintly carved timber-work of the roofs. Save in one instance, where there is a statue gifted with marvellous curing qualities, to which multitudes of cripples and invalids go for the purpose of rubbing themselves upon it, it is doubtful whether a score of worshippers visit the temples of Shiba per diem.

GARIBALDI AND FREE ROME.

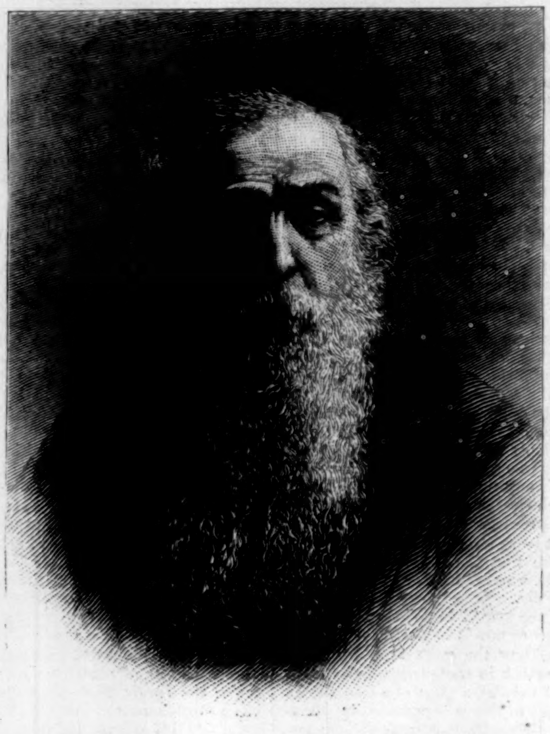
GARIBALDI, liberator of Italy, lived to see the completion of a work that none but himself could have perfected. He lived to create anew a race that had seemed lost forever, to revive a nation, to expel the foreigner, to plant the standard of a free Italy at Rome. In 1820 there seemed no gleam of hope for the fallen peninsula. Under the shadow of the Holy Alliance, the petty principalities flourished; the Roman States sank back into despair beneath a clerical despotism; and Naples shuddered under its Bourbons. Italian thinkers who had ventured to dream of freedom were in prison or in exile. The poets who sang of it with Roman energy were crushed and broken. The silent press, the crowded prisons, the stupidity of a dull conservatism, held all Italy in a deep despair.

Garibaldi waved his magic wand, it seemed, and all was changed. A new Italy sprang up full of life and ardor, of fierce impulses and classic energy, of a patriotic fire that would never be satisfied until every trace of foreign slavery had been banished from its ancient soil. For this change, Mazzini, Victor Emanuel, Cavour, and Azeglio had helped to prepare their countrymen; but the restless, fiery zeal of Garibaldi did more than all. He led the way where others hesitated, and, sword in hand, struck the feeble bulwarks of despotism. He supplied the energy of revolution, and Mazzini the intellect. They had been connected in conspiracy at Turin as early as 1832, and once more they met after sixteen years of varied toils and sufferings in the famous revolt and siege of Rome. Garibaldi entered the Eternal City in 1848 amidst the cheers of the republicans to aid Mazzini, and was driven from Rome and Italy by the French and Papal troops in a brave but disastrous retreat, in which his beloved wife Anita died at his side, his treasure, his support. "My wife was my treasure," he said; "she was as earnest as I in the cause of the people."

Twelve years later he joined in the Italian war of liberation with the Sardinians and Louis Napoleon, but saw with bitter shame Nice snatched from his country, Venetia still Austrian, Sicily and Naples in the hands of the Bourbons, and Rome held by a foreign power. Italy was still in chains; Garibaldi broke them. He landed at Marsala in 1860; Sicily yielded at once. He marched to Naples, and the Bourbons fled before him. He hailed Victor Emanuel "King of Italy." Venetia became Italian, but Nice was lost forever, and Rome was still guarded by the French. Garibaldi assailed alone its walls, and was driven back; but he never ceased to point out to his countrymen the shame of a capital captured by the Gauls. At last he succeeded. In 1870 the fierce convulsions of middle Europe set Italy free. Rome became the capital of an undivided nation, and Garibaldi, after various and unprecedented changes, was a member of the Italian legislature and the chief citizen of a united Italy. He died, softened and reconciled to his government, beloved by his native land, honored everywhere by the people.

It is curious to notice how the people instinctively know their friends. The working-men at Newcastle thronged around Garibaldi with cheers and hope, because they felt that he was laboring in their cause. At London, in 1864, he was surrounded and cheered on by immense masses of the people, was hailed as the author of a new progress, the champion of equal rights. In England, he seemed dangerously popular to the Continental rulers, and he suddenly hastened away. His rocky retreat at Caprera was the shrine of European liberalism. Of all the friends of liberty in his native Italy, he most resembles the Gracchi. Like them, he lived only for the people; like them, the people of every land trusted him with unswerving faith. He wanted their graceful accomplishments, their genius, their rare and spotless lives. He almost surpassed them in his devotion to the welfare of the poor. His candor, generosity, simplicity, truth, are the qualities that fix the affections of men. To-day all Italy mourns for Garibaldi; and not Gracchus, nor Cicero, nor any Roman patriot who labored for freedom in the classic age, has so well deserved the grateful tears of every Roman.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.



DR. JOHN FRANCIS GRAY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.

JOHN FRANCIS GRAY, M.D.

DR. JOHN FRANCIS GRAY, who died in this city on the 5th inst., was born in Sherburne, Chenango County, New York, in 1804. When twenty years of age he came to New York city, and became the pupil of Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS. The following year he was appointed assistant surgeon in the navy; and as it was necessary that he should be a graduate or licentiate in order to hold this position, he was accorded a license by the County Medical Society. Shortly afterward he was appointed assistant physician in the New York Hospital. In 1827, after several years of successful practice, Dr. GRAY became acquainted with Dr. GRAM, the pioneer of homœopathy in this country, and through his arguments, illustrated by cases from practice, was convinced of the truth of the doctrines of HAHNEMANN.

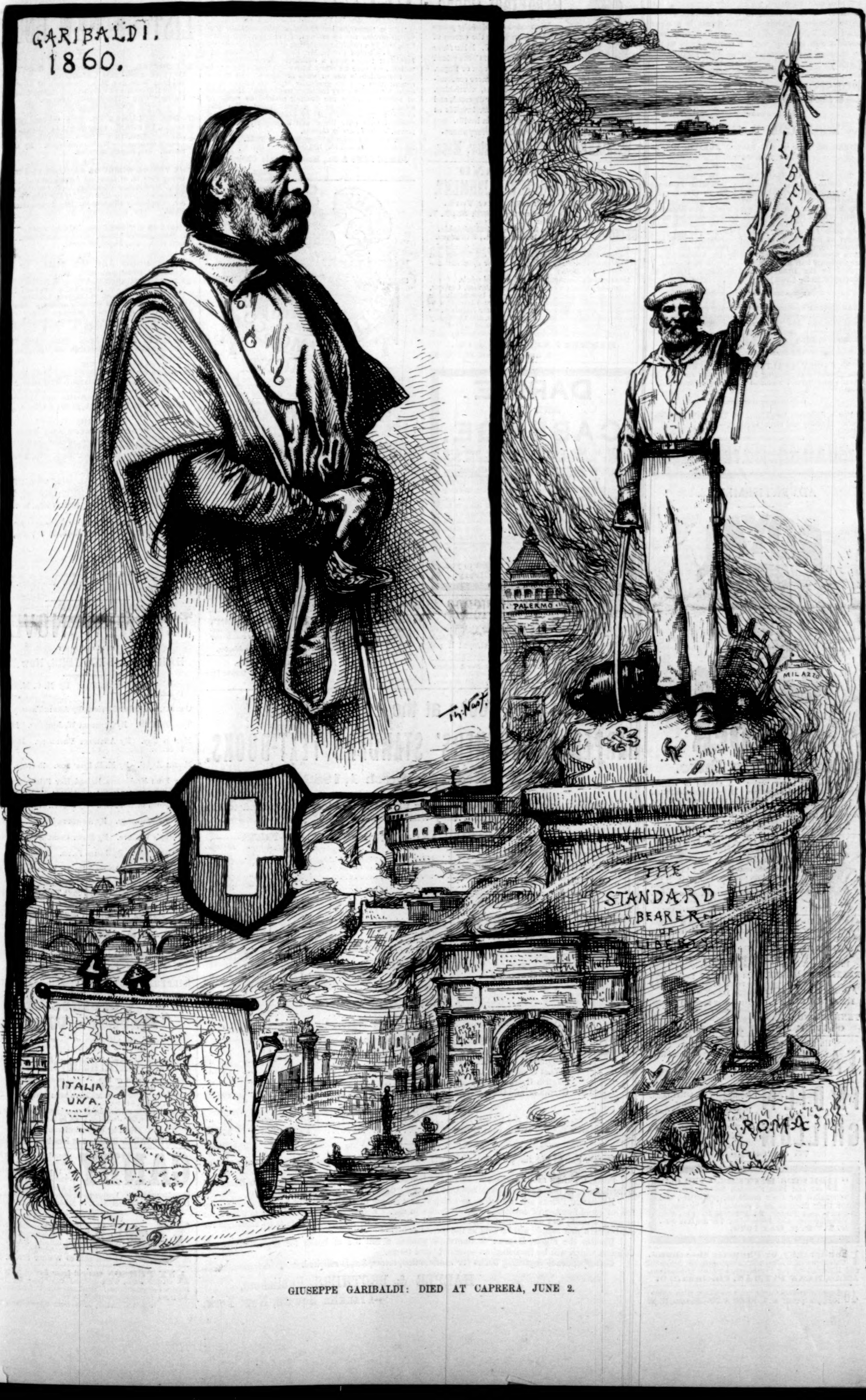
Such was the existing prejudice against homœopathy in this country that Dr. GRAY'S practice suffered greatly by his change of views; but his energy and unquestioned skill soon enabled him to repair the loss, and for many years before his death he was in the enjoyment of a very extensive and lucrative practice. His rare powers of diagnosis and exceptional skill in treatment gave him a strong hold on the confidence and affection of his patients, in spite of a somewhat brusque manner. His labors as a physician gave him but little time for literary work, for which he was eminently qualified by profound scholarship and ripe experience.

THE FATE OF LEGENDRE.

ADRIEN MARIE LEGENDRE was called to account on the college campus by the Columbia Sophomores on the night of Monday, June 5. It was a solemn affair. At 10 P.M., by the WORTH monument at Madison Square, the Sophomores assembled with their friends and sympathizers, and formed in a long procession. They were attired in Roman togas and the usual Greek trousers; they were decorated with sashes of silk and extemporized head-gear; they marched to the inspiring measures of a brass band; and at their head was the unfortunate "Legendre," bound hand and foot in a cart, condemned and hopeless, beyond the reach of brachystochrone or the functions of LAPLACE.

Arrived at the campus, where the sacrificial fires were burning blue upon the altar, and Chinese dead-lights hung from the trees, the assembled multitude listened to a harrowing poem from the haruspex JENKINS, and to an astrological harangue from the carnifex WARD. When this last was ended, the goat was placed upon the altar that the carnifex might slay it and look in it for omens, it being rightly thought that the mixed diet affected by that animal made its interior a likely place to search in. It was done, and although the victim appeared to have recently surfeited on sawdust, enough was found in it to settle the doom of "Legendre." He was promptly executed, and his remains strewn over the campus. "Nunc," said the haruspex; "est beerum bibendum, nunc pede libero, pulsanda floorum!" Whereupon they all adjourned to the American Institute Hall, where with beer and things a highly proper and festive time was had of it.

THE FATE OF LEGENDRE—THE PROCESSION AND THE FESTIVITIES IN THE HALL.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI: DIED AT CAPRERA, JUNE 2.

Mr. William Hunter, 515 West 49th Street, City, writes: "Have been a sufferer for the past nine years, and spent a great deal of money for *so-called* catarrh cures, which only aggravated the disease. Was induced to try Marshall's Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes. The result is a clear head and buoyancy of spirits—in fact *they have made a new man of me.* I cannot finds words to express my appreciation of your remedy."—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

acts as food for an exhausted brain.—[*Adv.*]

FROM COL. D. McDANIEL,

OWNER OF SOME OF THE FASTEST RUNNING HORSES IN THE WORLD.

Jerome Park, June 21.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment and Derby Condition Powders on my race-horses and found them to give perfect satisfaction. In fact, they *have never failed to cure* any ailment for which they were used. The liniment, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off. *It has more penetrative qualities than any other I have tried*, which, I suppose, is the great secret of its success in curing sprains. The ingredients from which the Derby Powders are made have been made known to me by Dr. Tobias. They are perfectly harmless. D. McDaniel.

Sold by the Druggists and Saddlers. Depot, 42 Murray Street.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters is known as the great regulator of the digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your houses. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

NOT ONLY ANALYSIS, BUT EXPERIENCE has proved that nothing is better fitted for the infantile and invalid stomach than Anglo-Swiss Milk-Food.—[*Adv.*]

For a delicious breakfast, try Thurber's *Shredded Oats.* Healthy and strengthening.—[*Adv.*]

There is no medicine sold that relieves so much sickness and suffering as Parker's Ginger Tonic.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

CRANDALL & CO.,
OLDEST RELIABLE HOUSE.
PREMIUM BABY CARRIAGES,
with latest improvements; Crandall's parasol top, shifting to any position. Send for price-list. Goods shipped C.O.D. Warerooms—3d Avenue, bet. 37th and 38th Streets. Ask for the Genuine Crandall Safety Carriage.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS cannot help being taken with our truly golden trio of Sunday-School singers.

LIGHT AND LIFE. 35 Cents. R. M. McINTOSH.	Shining with Gospel Light. Replete with the Life of joyous childhood.
BANNER OF VICTORY. 35 Cents. ABBEY & MUNGER.	In the front rank. Will be received with a shout by happy young singers.
BEACON LIGHT. 35 Cents. TENNEY & HOFFMAN	No better hymns. No better music can be found anywhere.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

75 cents the box.

"**BOKER'S BITTERS,**" THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand. Catalogue of works, with Phonographic Alphabet and illustrations for beginners, sent on application. Address, **BENN PITMAN, Cincinnati, O.**

40 Large Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. **G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.**

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

STATEN ISLAND

FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,

Office, 5 & 7 John St., New York.

BRANCH OFFICES: **1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.** **279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.** **47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.** **110 West Baltimore St., Baltimore.**

Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments. *Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of all fabrics,* and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*

Gentlemen's Garments *cleaned or dyed whole.*

Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited.

Goods received and returned by express and by mail.

BARRETT NEPHEWS & CO., 5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

DARKIE AND THE CABBAGE.

It is the most attractive novelty that has ever appeared. It is Cut Out the Natural Size of the Cabbage, with the head of a bright-eyed little darkie peeping through the centre. It is rich in color and has the effect of an oil painting, and has an easel back. A work of art that cannot be confounded with cheap chromo and card pictures. Executed by an artist from the Munich Academy, and commended by the New York *Herald* and art critics. **You will like it.**

Send 25 cents in postage stamps to **Gillespie & Moodie,** No. 71 West Broadway, New York, and it will be carefully mailed to you.

We Guarantee a Safe Delivery.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Electrotypes used in the Advertising Columns of *Harper's Magazine, Weekly, Bazar,* and *Young People* prior to January 1st, 1880, will be destroyed if not claimed by August 1st of this year.

50 HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, New & Artistic designs, name on, **in case 10c.** Acknowledged best sold. Album of Samples 25c. **F. W. Austin,** Fair Haven Conn.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½-lb. and lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

CHAMPAGNE.

This wine is acknowledged by judges to be the best cuvée now in existence. It is selected by the Czar, and is largely consumed by the nobility of Russia, who are known to be connoisseurs of champagne.

Dulany, Meyer, & Co., Sole Agents,
4 EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE, MD.

Being desirous to establish agencies in some of the larger cities, correspondence is solicited.

PHOTOGRAPHY MADE EASY.

For the old, the young, for ladies and gentlemen, for the Professor, the Student, the Artist, the Tourist, the Mechanic. No stains. No trouble.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 Broadway, N. Y.

Equipments, $10 and upward. Our apparatus is superior to all others at same price, having patented improvements. Our plates are also the best. "Instruction book free with each equipment." Send for price-list.

Hires' Improved Root Beer, Package **25cts.** Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening and wholesome **Drink.** Sold by Druggists, or sent to any address on receipt of **25cts.** Address CHARLES E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.

15c. box "ROUGH ON RATS" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

The Best Books at the Lowest Prices.

HARPER & BROTHERS' STANDARD TEXT-BOOKS.

Prices Reduced March 1, 1882.

Attention is invited to the following partial list of Text-Books, and to the greatly reduced prices at which they will be furnished.

	PRICES. Retail.	Special.	Exchange.
READING AND SPELLING.			
Harper's United States First Reader	15 cts.	11 cts.	10 cts.
" " " Second Reader	24 "	18 "	13 "
" " " Third Reader	32 "	24 "	20 "
" " " Fourth Reader	48 "	36 "	30 "
" " " Fifth Reader	56 "	42 "	36 "
" " " Sixth Reader	60 "	45 "	40 "
Harrington's Graded Spelling-Book	20 "	15 "	8 "
" " " Parts I. and II. Per Part	15 "	11 "	6 "
Willson's Primary Speller	15 "	11 "	10 "
" Larger Speller	24 "	18 "	15 "
GEOGRAPHY.			
Harper's Introductory Geography	50 "	35 "	25 "
" School Geography	$1 10	80 "	60 "
ARITHMETIC.			
Harper's First Book in Arithmetic	30 "	22 "	15 "
" Second Book in Arithmetic	60 "	45 "	30 "
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.			
Swinton's Language Primer	28 "	21 "	15 "
" New Language Lessons	38 "	28 "	20 "
" " School Composition	32 "	24 "	16 "
" " English Grammar	56 "	42 "	30 "
" " Grammar and Composition in one volume	76 "	57 "	40 "
HISTORY.			
Scott's Larger History of the United States	80 "	60 "	54 "
" Smaller History of the United States	56 "	42 "	35 "

Retail Prices are the prices at which the books will be sent by mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States.

Special Prices are the prices at which the books will be sold, for *regular supply*, to Boards of Education, or to responsible booksellers that they may designate.

Exchange Prices are the prices at which *a first supply* of the books will be sold in exchange for an equal number of corresponding old books in use. *Exchange prices* are subject to a discount of ten per cent., and no additional discount will be made for handling. If there is no exchange for old books, a *first supply* will be sold at the *special prices*.

Besides the above, Harper & Brothers publish a full list of books for High Schools and Colleges, which will be furnished on equally liberal terms.

Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms, &c., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

A CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. Uniform with "The Student's Series."

II.

THREE VOLUMES OF THE "ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS." Edited by John Morley: John Milton. By Mark Pattison.—Alexander Pope. By Leslie Stephen.—William Cowper. By Goldwin Smith. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

III.

THE YOUNG NIMRODS AROUND THE WORLD. Being Part II. of Hunting Adventures on Land and Sea. By Thomas W. Knox, Author of "The Young Nimrods in North America," "The Boy Travellers," &c. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 50.

IV.

SERMONS ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS. Preached in Westminster Abbey. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

V.

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS TIME. By Alfred Barbou. Illustrated with 120 Drawings by Mm. Émile Bayard, Clerget, Fichel, Jules Garnier, Gervex, Giacomelli, Ch. Gosselin, Jean-Paul Laurens, Lix, Olivier Merson, H. Meyer, Ed. Morin, Scott, Vogel, Zier, &c., and a great number of Drawings by Victor Hugo engraved by Méaulle. Translated from the French by Ellen E. Frewer. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

VI.

BENTLEY. By R. C. Jebb. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. The Latest Volume issued in the "English Men of Letters."

VII.

THOMAS CARLYLE. A History of the First Forty Years of his Life, 1795–1835. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., Editor of "Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle." With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols. in one, 12mo, Cloth, $1 00; 2 vols., 4to, Paper, 15 cents each.

VIII.

LAW OF STOCK-BROKERS AND STOCK-EXCHANGES. A Treatise on the Law of Stock-Brokers and Stock-Exchanges. By John R. Dos Passos, of the New York Bar. 8vo, 1083 pages, Law Sheep, $7 50.

IX.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM 1760 TO 1860. By Charles Duke Yonge, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History, Queen's College, Belfast. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

X.

PLAIN-SPEAKING. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

XI.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN. By Jacob Abbott. A Memorial Volume. With a Sketch of the Author by one of his Sons. Illustrated by a Steel-Plate Portrait of the Author, and Woodcuts. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Geraldine and Her Suitors. By M. C. M. Simpson. 15 cents.

Our Set, and Other Stories. By Annie Thomas. 15 cts.

Two Old Cats. By Virginia W. Johnson. 15 cents.

Marion Fay. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated. 20 cents.

Mount Royal. By M. E. Braddon. 15 cents.

Why Frau Frohmann Raised Her Prices, and Other Stories. By Anthony Trollope. 15 cents.

The Queen of Bohemia. By Joseph Hatton. 15 cts.

Doctor L'Estrange. By Annette Lyster. 20 cents.

Dorothy's Venture. By Mary Cecil Hay. 15 cents.

For Cash Only. By James Payn. 20 cents.

Exchange No Robbery. By M. Betham-Edwards. 15 cents.

The Fixed Period. By Anthony Trollope. 15 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

War Volumes of "Harper's Weekly."

We would call attention of persons who have not the files of *Harper's Weekly* during the War to

Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion,

Same size pages as the *Weekly*, containing 1000 Illustrations that appeared in *Harper's Weekly* during the War—the plates of which have been destroyed. Price, 2 vols., Cloth, $12 00.

Owing to the edition being nearly exhausted, the price will, on and after July 1st, 1882, *be* **$14.00.**

Sold by Subscription only.

McDONNELL BROS., 113 Dearborn St., Chicago.

CANDY Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a retail box by express of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure, suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods. Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 69 Walker Street, N. Y.

ANY PERSON can get from five to forty acres choice land, with perfect title free, for trifling services around home. Business select and honorable. Address, for explanatory circular, SECRETARY, 84 Nassau Street, New York.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

CARPETS.

During the month of June we will offer our entire stock of Carpets at greatly reduced prices, having determined to close out this season's selections before July 1st, in order to make room for Fall Importations.

Broadway & 19th St.

"LIFE OF A FIREMAN."

SIX DESIGNS

NEW COMIC SET OF CARDS.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

No. 1.—Scene at every engine-house on a dull day—taking his ease.
No. 2.—A Fireman always sleeps with one foot out of bed, with his hands on his boots, and with both ears and one eye open.
No. 3.—The midnight alarm.
No. 4.—Steering a ladder truck on his way to a fire.
No. 5.—A systematic arrangement by means of which a single Fireman can rescue a whole family.
No. 6.—Home from a hard fought fire. The cooling-off process.

WHITING,

50 Nassau Street, New York.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

Harper's European Guide-Book

FOR 1882.

By W. Pembroke Fetridge.

IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily and Malta, Egypt, the Desert, Syria and Palestine, Turkey, Greece.

Vol. III. Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain, United States, and Canada.

☞ *Any of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

WELLING

COMPRESSED IVORY MFG. CO. (LIMITED).

White Brush, Mirror, and Comb, medium size, $5.00 set, in Satin Lined Case. Billiard Balls, 2⅜, $10.00 set. Pool, 2¼, striped same as Ivory, $30.00 set. Checks, 1¼ inches, $3.50 per 100. **251 Centre Street, New York.** Established 1855.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Ridley's Fashion Magazine.

THE CATALOGUE CONTAINED IN THIS MAGAZINE WILL BE FOUND USEFUL TO OUT-OF-TOWN PEOPLE AND NEW YORK FAMILIES AS WELL. IT TELLS THEM WHERE TO FIND THE ARTICLES DESIRED, THE PRICES, QUALITIES, AND, IN SHORT, IS AN EPITOME OF THE GREAT VOLUME OF GOODS CONTAINED IN OUR ENTIRE ESTABLISHMENT, SUITABLE FOR WEAR, TOILET, OR HOME ORNAMENTATION.

ISSUED QUARTERLY AT **50c.** PER ANNUM; **15c.** SINGLE COPY.

We also issue a separate catalogue, which will be sent free to all applicants.

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS,

309, 311, 311½ to 317 GRAND ST.,

56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, and 70 ALLEN ST.,

59, 61, and 63 ORCHARD ST., N. Y.

---

50 Extra Fine White Wedding Bristol Cards, Name in Script Type equal to an Engraved Card, 25 cts., postpaid. **GEO. I. REED & CO.,** Nassau, N. Y.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling **Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters,** etc. **Sample outfit Free.** Address **Queen City Suspender Co.,** Cincinnati, O.

E. A. MORRISON,

893 Broadway, N. Y.,

Importer and Retailer of Rich Novelties for each season in Dress

TRIMMINGS

and fine Buttons. Colored Gimps, Fringes, and Embroideries made to order, with Buttons to match. Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

P.S.—Wholesale Department second and third floors.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,

UNION SQUARE.

SHERRIES, Pale, Dry, Fruity, &c., &c.
HOCKS, Burgundies, Clarets, Santernes, &c., &c.
CHAMPAGNES, Dry or Fruity, Esteemed Varieties.
COGNACS, in Demijohns and Bottles.
GIN, Holland imported in Jugs.
MARMALADE, Jams, &c. Jas. Keiller & Son, Dundee.
FRUITS GLACES, also Preserves, Prunes without stones.
BISCUITS, Alberts and Waters, Middlemass, Edinburgh.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

REMOVAL.

T. ASPINWALL & SON,

of 604 Broadway, will remove about May 1st to

75 & 77 West 23d St., N. Y.

(MASONIC TEMPLE.)

MINTONS' TILES.

FRUIT EVAPORATORS.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

AMERICAN M'F'G CO., Waynesboro, Pa.

EVERY ONE STUDYING MUSIC

Will get valuable information FREE by sending for circular to E. TOURJEE, Boston, Mass.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. **G. W. INGRAHAM & CO.,** Boston, Mass.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Geo. Wright. H. A. Ditson.

WRIGHT & DITSON,

FINE LAWN TENNIS.

We make a specialty, having in stock all the latest and best articles used in the game. Our model Rackets are pronounced superior to all others.

What the champion players say:

I am highly pleased with your new Racket, the "Special," and I have no hesitation in saying that I have never been better suited.
Richard D. Sears.

I am better satisfied with your new "Special" Racket than with any other I have used.
James Dwight.

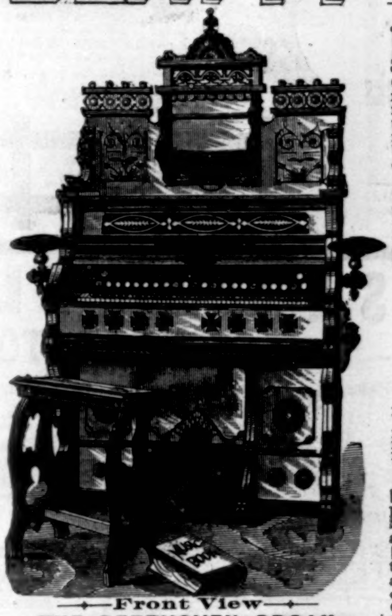
580 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Send for Price-List.

BEATTY

THE FAMOUS 27 STOP BEETHOVEN ORGANS.

Suitable for the Parlor, Chapel, Lodge, Church or Sabbath School.



—Front View—

THE BEETHOVEN ORGAN.

Height, 75 ins., Length, 46 ins., Depth, 24 ins.

New Style No. 9000. Handsome Solid Black Walnut Case with Organ Bench and Music Book.

27 STOPS, 10 FULL SETS GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS.

—A BRIEF DESCRIPTION.—

PRICE *Boxed with Organ Bench, Book and Music,* ONLY **$90.00**

CASE.—Handsome Solid Black Walnut, manufactured so as not to take the dirt or dust. Thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried, so that it will stand the test of any climate, handsome rubbed Varnish finish and polish; carved and ornamented with arabesque designs in gold, fret music desk, pocket, handles and lamp stands. It is built to last, not for show.

ACTION.—Containing ***27 Stops,*** with a great variety of Stop Combinations, enabling the performer to imitate (by following the simple instructions sent) a French Horn, Violin, Piccolo, Saxaphone, Full Orchestra, Cello, Church Pipe Organ, and many other beautiful effects. In addition you have the regular ordinary Organ at your command.

27 STOPS as follows:

1—Cello, 8 foot tone.
2—Melodia.
3—Clarabella.
4—Manual Sub-Bass, 16 foot tone.
5—Bourdon, 16 foot tone.
6—Saxaphone, 8 foot tone.
7—Viol di Gamba, 8 foot tone
8—Diapason, 8 foot tone.
9—Viola Dolce, 4 foot tone.
10—Grand Expressione, 8 foot tone.
11—French Horn, 8 foot tone.
12—Harp Æolian.
13—Vox Humana, Tremulant.
14—Echo, 8 foot tone.
15—Dulciana, 9 foot tone.
16—Clarionet, 8 foot tone.
17—Voix Celeste, 8 foot tone.
18—Violina, 4 foot tone.
19—Vox Jubilante, 8 and 4 foot tone.
20—Piccolo, 2 foot tone.
21—Coupler Harmonique.
22—Orchestral Forte.
23—Grand Organ Knee Stop.
24—Right Knee Stop.
25—Automatic Valve Stop.
26—Right Duplex Damper.
27—Left Duplex Damper.

With grand and thrilling accessory and combination effects.

BELLOWS.—Finest Treble Rubber, Upright pattern, three bellows combined, with four Steel Springs, with Automatic Valve Stop, an ingenious arrangement for preventing an over-supply of air.

REEDS.—10 full Sets Reeds. Are of the Celebrated Golden Tongue (patented,) the tongue of which are secured to the block by dovetailing instead of ordinary rivet, which soon breaks or rattles. The Golden Tongue never breaks or wears out, holds its tone perfectly. No tuning is ever required after leaving factory.

TONE.—Superb, Thrillingly Sweet and Pure. I challenge comparison with any instrument ever manufactured at four times the price. An Organ like the above containing the same variety of music would cost through high-priced organ manufacturers at least $450. This combination of Reed-Board and Stop Work, bear in mind, in the BEETHOVEN is patented. No other organ maker dare build it.

PRICE.—The price of this Organ, which includes a music book, organ bench, choice music, &c. securely packed and delivered on board the cars at Washington, New Jersey, is ***ONLY $90.00.***

TERMS.—The terms are Net Cash. Remittances may be made by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Express prepaid.

WARRANTED.—The BEETHOVEN is warranted for six years. Shipped on one year's trial.

FACTORY.—Corner Railroad Ave. and Beatty St., Washington, New Jersey. Largest in the world. Running ***day and night*** to fill all orders promptly

To Whom it May Concern:

☞ If the Beethoven Organ, after one year's constant use, does not give you perfect satisfaction in every particular, and is in any way not as represented in this advertisement, I hereby bind myself to take it back and refund you your money paid in current funds, with legal interest of New Jersey, (six per cent.) I further agree to pay freight charges on the instrument both ways, the money to be refunded immediately upon receipt of the instrument at Washington, New Jersey. I further agree, if requested, to exchange it for any other organ or piano as shown in my catalogue.

Very truly yours,

Daniel F. Beatty

HOW TO ORDER—Enclosed find money for Beethoven Organ. I have read your statement in regard to it in this advertisement, and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in every particular, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forward it, at six per cent., according to your offer. *Be very particular to give your Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad.*

☞ *Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter or Express prepaid*

SPECIAL TEN DAY OFFER TO THE READERS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

I desire the Beethoven Organ introduced among the readers of this newspaper WITHIN THE NEXT TEN DAYS, so that all can see and appreciate its wonderful merits and stop combination effects. Now, if you will REMIT ME seventy-five (***$75 00,***) dollars, I will ship you this Organ immediately, and send you a receipted bill in full for ninety dollars (***$90***), which is the regular and only price at which this Organ is sold. The price will soon be advanced to ***$125.00,*** on account of the increase in the price of labor and materials used in its construction.

☞ I desire this instrument introduced without delay, and make this special offer so you may order one now. I look to future sales for my profit, as the Beethoven makes me thousands of friends. I regard this manner of introducing it better than spending hundreds of dollars in newspaper advertising. The Organ speaks for itself. Often 20 sales have been traced from the first sold in a new neighborhood.

☞ This offer is positively good for only ten days from date. PLEASE BEAR THIS IN MIND. This newspaper must be returned to secure this special price. If mailed from your post office within ten days from this date, it will be received, not otherwise, or you may accept by telegraph on the last day, and remit by mail on that day. I shall POSITIVELY refuse all orders under ***$90,*** unless accompanied with this newspaper, and payment must be mailed within ten days as specified.

DATED, WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, June 17, 1882.

N. B.—As this special offer is limited and will not be repeated, if you have not all the money in hand, it will pay you to borrow a part from your friends, and thus secure the best organ that can be offered, at a less price than an ordinary organ by other makers is usually sold at.

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In accordance with our advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates, the numbers, and the bound volumes of Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar previous to January 1, 1870, have been destroyed, and we therefore cannot fill orders for numbers or volumes prior to that date.

After July 1, 1882, we shall preserve back numbers of the Weekly, Magazine, and Bazar for three years back.

All orders for numbers or volumes of Harper's Magazine from 1850 to 1878 inclusive, Harper's Weekly from 1870 to 1878 inclusive, Harper's Bazar from 1870 to 1878 inclusive, should be sent in before ***July 1, 1882, as no orders received after that date will be supplied.***

At present several numbers and volumes of the Magazine are out of stock. Orders for these will be entered on our order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1, 1882, as they can be printed.

The prices, postpaid, are as follows:

Magazine, per volume of 6 months, bound in cloth, $3 00.
Magazine, per number, 35 cents.
Weekly or Bazar, per volume of 52 numbers, bound in cloth, $7 00.
Weekly or Bazar, per number, 10 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS.